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LORD SALISBURY AT GUILDHALL.

THE PRIME MINISTER had not a few important things to say in the usual Ninth of November speech. To one subject of great interest at the moment—the singular coincidence of ill-health which threatens the occupier of the throne of Germany and the heir to that throne—he could naturally make no allusion which would not have been used as an instrument for mischief by the panic-mongers in one way or another. But on almost all other subjects of interest he succeeded in touching, during the course of a speech perhaps rather shorter than usual. With the tenor of his remarks on Ireland we deal at greater length elsewhere, and here it need only be said that those remarks were wholly satisfactory, except perhaps in their apparent reflection on “impatient” expectations. No one, we think, certainly no one of sense, expects the hydra of Irish sedition, which has been petted and pampered so long, to be beheaded, and the stumps cauterized, all in a moment; the protests which have been made have been directed simply against mere unskilful and dilatory choppings at the monster. But things in that respect have mended much of late, and there is, for the time, no reason to complain at all. The transition from the encouragement of lawlessness in Ireland to the encouragement of lawlessness in London was well managed; and all the domestic references of the speech, if not exactly cheerful (they could hardly be that), were appropriate.

Lord SALISBURY, indeed, has never before been accused, to our knowledge, of an exaggerated optimism; and, since the charge has been brought against that part of his Wednesday's speech which dealt with foreign policy, it may be taken for granted that objectors found themselves in a difficulty. There can be little doubt that Lord SALISBURY would hardly have spoken so confidently if his speech had not been preceded, at longer and shorter intervals, by the utterances of the Italian and Austrian Ministers. No experienced student of politics sees in leagues of peace any solid prospect of a golden age; but no such student can fail to prefer leagues of peace to leagues of war. It is as certain as anything in present politics can be that a new and firm understanding exists between the three Great Powers of Central Europe to keep the peace; and it is as certain as anything can be in future politics that, in face of this concord (with England, if not actively engaged in it, yet ready to throw her weight on the same side), the levity of the extreme West and the ambition of the extreme East will be, if not powerless to disturb, at any rate unlikely to attempt disturbance. To the real danger, the danger of some irrevocable act of popular frenzy in the less well-balanced nations, Lord SALISBURY pointed with no uncertain finger. But the chief ground of what has been found fault with, as the too rosy tone of his anticipations, was one which, as Prime Minister, he could hardly express openly. The result of the policy which has been pursued since that happy night which threw Mr. GLADSTONE out has been to put England in a position of detachment as different as possible from the position of detachment which she held under Mr. GLADSTONE. That the two have been confused by interested advocates is, of course, not surprising; it is possible that they have been confused by some honest but ill-informed persons. Under Mr. GLADSTONE England was detached from the rest of Europe; but it was the detachment of retreat, of confessed weakness and indifference. Under Lord SALISBURY England is also in a way detached, in the sense that no European question which can be con-

ceived as likely to bring about war would necessarily require her immediate intervention on one side or the other. We are on good terms with all European nations, even with France, even with Russia; and the only pretexts for a quarrel which existed with either have been formally healed. They may be reopened, of course, and it is perfectly true that there is never any difficulty in such reopening; but that is not the point. The tenor of recent English diplomacy in Europe (we are not now speaking of Asia) has been such that in almost any possible quarrel of the general European kind the sword of England can be thrown into whatever scale may be most profitable for the interests of England. There may practically be little doubt on which side it ought to be thrown and would be thrown; but it is free to be thrown on any side, or to be held in reserve. Contrast this with the position held only a few years ago, when half the Powers had been disobliged, and the other half were wondering, in contemptuous tolerance, whether being disobliged by England mattered anything or not; and the difference can hardly fail to be seen. At least the seeing requires but two things—eyes to see and will to use them. It must be acknowledged that neither the first nor the second requisite is invariably present in our Gladstonians.

One positive announcement, not of small import, Lord SALISBURY was enabled to make, that of the submission of AYOUN KHAN to the Indian authorities. No sensible person will make too much of this submission; but all sensible persons who happen to be well informed will know that it removes at least one source of danger in the region where danger is most imminent. In using these last words we infer no specially alarmist view. The once hotly debated Russo-Afghan-Indian question has changed very much of late years; though, as always, the English public is slow to realize the full change. We hear little of “Mervousness” now, little of the “backward school,” little of the complacent and incredible folly which used to say that it did not matter whether Russia occupied Afghanistan or not. That folly is now confined to absolutely irresponsible Radicals at home, and to a few “old Indians” who formed their opinions long ago, and have resented the insolence of facts by simply declining to attend to them. Even in Radical, even in Gladstonian papers it is not uncommon to see views almost wholly sensible taken of the subject. The present authorities in India are fortunately under no delusion whatever in the matter. They do not share Sir CHARLES DILKE's alarm, which is so exaggerated now, and which was consistent with such a strange passivity when there was good opportunity for doing something years ago. They do not think that, in case of a Russian advance, the whole British garrison would be wanted to keep India itself down. But they have made up their minds (and to no small extent carried the intention into act) that no detail of fortification, mobilization, organization generally, shall be omitted which is necessary to enable the offensive-defensive to be taken at once when it is necessary. It is the business of course of the Home rather than of the Indian authorities to postpone the time when it may be necessary as long as possible, and, if indeed it be possible, to postpone it altogether. But there are things independent both of Simla and St. James's which might precipitate the necessity, and the escape of AYOUN KHAN was at least potentially of the class of such things. That it has ceased to trouble is, therefore, matter for gratification. But it is not, and nothing of the kind can be, a reason for omitting or intermitting the making ourselves ready for battle at home as well as abroad. No part of Lord SALISBURY's

speech was more salutary than the passage where he touched slightly, but significantly, on this. There are two kinds of that much-discussed thing and much-discussed word non-intervention. The one is the kind which Mr. GLADSTONE loved—the plan of hastily and at any cost shaking off foreign entanglements, and requesting the world at large not to trouble about England, but to allow her to turn her own house upside down unhindered. The other is the plan of avoiding as far as possible dangerous responsibilities, of compounding small quarrels when they can be compounded without loss, but of preparing steadily to fight in great ones whenever they present themselves. This latter plan, of course, is irksome, tedious, never-ending, costly; but it is the only way in which a nation like England can maintain her greatness, or indeed assure her existence.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS MISSION.

THERE is reason to hope that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's conduct of the American negotiations will justify Lord SALISBURY's choice of a representative at Washington. At any other time a conspicuous politician of strongly democratic opinions might expect a cordial welcome in the United States; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has of late become obnoxious to the Irish-Americans, who form and direct ostensible public opinion. The opponents of the English Government on both sides of the Atlantic loudly condemned the appointment, not because the plenipotentiary was incapable or prejudiced, but on account of his active resistance to Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme of Home Rule. Of late a portion of the New York press seems to have recognized the absurdity of inquiring into the course which a foreign diplomatist may have taken in the domestic controversies of his own country. One at least of the most widely circulated papers reminds its readers that the American Government and people have nothing to do with Home Rule or with Liberal Union. The disputes to be settled relate to the Canadian Fisheries, and perhaps to other open questions, and not to the expediency or the danger of restoring Mr. GLADSTONE to office. The indispensable tribute to Irish electoral influence is paid by a perfunctory admission that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a Unionist is wrong. The PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE will certainly abstain from dragging Irish politics into the discussion. Lord SALISBURY could not have selected a more competent exponent of the views of the English and Canadian Governments. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is an instructed economist, and his character is at the same time conciliatory and resolute. He has had large experience in dealing with men, though it may be true that he has studied human nature in the questionable position of political manager. In the interpretation of treaties and generally of international law he will command any assistance which he may require, and probably the negotiators on both sides will, after the lapse of seventy years, prefer a new and equitable arrangement to the most ingenious interpretation of the Treaty of 1818. There are many precedents for the employment on important foreign missions of statesmen who have had no professional training. Active politicians understand popular feeling more instinctively than diplomatists who have spent their lives abroad. On the other hand, they are less diplomatic and less habitually cautious.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seems to need a lesson in the art of silence. Shortly before his departure from England he took occasion to express an unseasonable judgment on Canadian policy. If, he said, the Canadians were to form a commercial union with the United States, and consequently to impose differential duties on English imports, the Dominion would impair its claim to the good offices of the English Government. He added that commercial union with the States would probably lead to political amalgamation. On the question of a North American Customs Union there is much difference of opinion in Canada, while the measure would involve unmixed disadvantage to England. A League or Society for effecting the union has been formed with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH as its President, and its efforts may not improbably be successful. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's protest against the scheme may have been well founded, but in prospect of the triangular negotiation which he is to conduct on behalf of England, the public disclosure of his opinion was inopportune. One of the chief merits of the regular diplomatic service is, that it is always reticent. Ambassadors were formerly said to be abroad for the good of their country; they now reside

at foreign capitals, and hold their tongues. As a celebrated preacher once told his congregation, "that a thing is true is no reason for saying it. It is a reason for doing it." If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opinion on the proposed Customs Union is sound, he will do all in his power to thwart the measure; but he ought not to have courted the hostility of a powerful Canadian party. He has committed a second mistake in explaining his language to an American interviewer. It seems that he intended to warn the Canadians that the energy of his defence of their interests might perhaps be unfavourably affected by any action on their part which he might regard as unfriendly to England. It would have been better not to furnish unfriendly critics with a pretext for accusing him of want of zeal. An ambassador ought seldom or never to make statements which have an apologetic sound.

The earliest account of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's dealings with newspaper reporters on his arrival at New York gave general satisfaction. He expressed a high opinion of the beauties of the harbour and the neighbouring coast, and he approved, with one trifling exception, of the colossal statue of Liberty which serves as a lighthouse; but, while he was pleasantly communicative in matters as to which there was nothing to disclose, he altogether declined to speak of public affairs and especially of Irish Home Rule. He had become, as he justly remarked, a diplomatic agent from the time when he left Queenstown Harbour. He might have dated his assumption of responsibility from the time of his first appointment. The interviewers left the ship without any trace of information, and perhaps they respected Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the more for his success in baffling their curiosity. Unfortunately he seems on a later occasion to have become more communicative. It may be said in excuse that he followed the example of the great majority of the statesmen of the present day, but he had himself established a better precedent. On two questions of primary importance he seems to have been unnecessarily candid. He professed not even to know whether there was any movement in Canada towards commercial union; and he was, therefore, "unable to say whether it was desired by any considerable portion of the Canadian people." The remark that, if such a system were adopted, trade would go against the flag was rather true than instructive. It was highly injudicious to add that in that case the whole relations between England and Canada would have to be revised. It is not the business of a confidential representative of the Government to counteract its policy of cementing the union of the colonies with the mother-country by announcing that in a not impossible contingency the present connexion must be dissolved or relaxed. It was equally unnecessary to tell the New York reporters that, as regards Home Rule, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "is prepared to go as far as Mr. GLADSTONE's own words warrant." A scheme which goes, or purports to go, as far as Mr. GLADSTONE's would be little or not at all less objectionable. Even if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opinions on the Irish question had been more satisfactory, there is no reason why they should have been published in a New York paper. The courage and spirit which he has hitherto displayed acquit him of any undignified tendency to court the favour or toleration of the Irish-American press; but his unqualified submission to the pressure of interviewing journalists will be misinterpreted at New York and at Washington.

The negotiations will be sufficiently complicated. One of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's two colleagues, Sir LIONEL SACKVILLE WEST, will find sufficient occupation in smoothing on all occasions any difficulties or irritations which may arise. He has a long-standing acquaintance with American politics and with the persons who will take part in the controversy. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself will be anxious to do justice to all parties; and, as a secondary object, to satisfy both his American adversaries and his Canadian clients. As representing the English Government he will be disinterested and impartial. Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who is both a plenipotentiary and First Minister of the Dominion, will naturally support the claims of his constituents. In private litigation, when a case is referred to two arbitrators who nominate an umpire, it is almost always found that the two nominees of the respective parties become advocates rather than judges. Sir JOHN MACDONALD will be liable to a similar temptation, and he will perhaps be pitted against a representative of the American fishing interest. It is believed that Mr. BAYARD, who will be the chief American plenipotentiary, is anxious to effect a pacific settlement. It is unfortunately possible that a preliminary dispute may arise before the Commission enters on the question of the



fisheries. According to American statements, Mr. BAYARD will not be authorized to include in the discussion the conflicting claims of the two nations to the freedom or appropriation of the sea which adjoins Behring Strait.

The published accounts of recent transactions on the coast of Alaska are scanty and not always intelligible. The supply of seals there is more abundant than in any other part of the world, and the business of catching them is proportionately profitable. As the animals are only found on the shore, it may be presumed that the inhabitants of the Territory have an exclusive right to the fishery, or rather to the chase. It is a wholly different question whether foreign ships have a right to trade in the adjoining seas. Two or three British vessels have been seized by the local authorities for alleged contraventions of the law. The Supreme Government cannot be charged with discourtesy, though it has insisted on a claim which has not been admitted. The proper department at Washington has ordered the release of the captured vessels; and, though its instructions have by some irregularity been hitherto disobeyed, there is no doubt that obedience will be enforced. The pretension to occupy a large space of open sea as a portion of the territorial waters seems to be unreasonable; but the grounds on which the Americans found their claims are imperfectly understood. It is said that the Russian Government, when it was in possession of Alaska, made a similar claim, and that it was not formally disputed by the English Government. It is probable that the Russian Government may have kept no cruisers in those seas, and that foreign traders, though they might be threatened, were consequently exempt from molestation. The present difference of opinion between the English and American Governments refers rather to the mode of settling the dispute than to its intrinsic merits. It might have seemed convenient that all pending questions should be settled by the joint Commission; but for the present the United States refuse to mix up the alleged outrages in Behring Sea with the controversy on the Canadian Fisheries.

#### IVERNOPHILUS OPSIMATHES.

SOME ONE observed the other day in reference to Lord GRANVILLE's speech at Hanley that he had at least the interest of not having spoken very often on the question. It would indeed have been very odd if Lord GRANVILLE had been more prodigal of oratory in this matter. A generation which is only too lacking in originality, and only too fond of giving itself the airs and taking others on the strength of their airs of something original, laughed a year or two ago at a young member of Parliament who ingenuously remarked that the head, at least the political head, of his family was a very distinguished and very eloquent Tory, and he thought that he, the speaker, need not do more than say ditto to that noble Marquess. How much more must the world laugh at a politician of the oldest and the most distinguished standing, a man of the world not thought to be inferior in man-of-the-worldliness to any of his contemporaries, who has on this matter little or nothing to say but that, with his friend Lord BURTON, he "goes in solid for the Grand Old Man"! That is all very well for Lord BURTON, who is not expected to understand anything but beer, or the spending of the revenues derived from beer. It is a little odd in Lord GRANVILLE; and the rare occasions on which some accounts of the reason of the oddity are vouchsafed cannot lack their interest. For what all men go about saying is, "What can possibly induce men like Lord GRANVILLE and Lord SPENCER to be 'Home Rulers' or [to give them the truer name which 'angers them so much'] 'Separatists'?" Every one knows why most of the other leading Gladstonians Gladstonize in this particular fashion. Mr. GLADSTONE is a Home Ruler partly for the sake of Mr. PARNELL's eighty-five pair of *beaux yeux*, partly from a variety of the same peculiarity which made the Roman emperors indulge in freaks not more intelligible, though more reprobated by commonplace morality, and which makes children put cats on the fire—the sense of power or desire to exercise power unrestrained by reason or shame. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is a Home Ruler because Home Rule is the most obvious way of ceasing to be unemployed. Mr. JOHN MORLEY is a Home Ruler because he is afraid of the Irish; Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN because the Tories are against Home Rule; Lord RUFON probably because some one has told him that Home Rule is good for his soul; Mr. LABOUCHERE because

Home Rule is a mischievous absurdity; Sir HORACE DAVEY because Mr. GLADSTONE is a "pillar of the people's hopes" in general and of some members of the people's hopes in particular. All this is intelligible enough. Even the problem about Lord SPENCER is solved as far as it can be by the halting and reluctant confessions of Lord SPENCER himself, who thinks that the Irish people will have Home Rule, and therefore that they must have it—an encouraging doctrine to any citizen who shall set his heart firmly on Althorp.

We are not so far advanced in knowing how Lord GRANVILLE became a Home Ruler, and even after the confidences at Hanley we know no more. Lord GRANVILLE says, with most undue modesty, that he knows his own jokes are bad. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that, when he has not been made sore by something Lord SALISBURY has said in the House of Lords, Lord GRANVILLE is nearly the best joker of his party. His jokes come easier than Lord ROSEBERY's, and they are as the gazelle to the hippopotamus when compared with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's. Now, since Mr. LABOUCHERE became serious, these are the only jokers of the Gladstonian party, unless men count Sir WILFRID LAWSON a joker. But Lord GRANVILLE's joke on Monday was a dry and cryptic jest indeed. Lord SPENCER, he tells us, converted him. But we don't want to know who did it, but what did it. Did Lord SPENCER say "Let's be Home Rulers"? and did Lord GRANVILLE reply "Do let's"? Was the soul-saving done by an instantaneous process, and without any cold and sinful argument? For whatever objective veracity there may be (subjective veracity no one who knows what he is talking of will deny to Lord SPENCER) in the convert's own account of his own conversion, that account most assuredly cannot apply to Lord GRANVILLE. The burden of actual Irish government has been too much for the shoulders of the estimable nobleman for whom no epithets in the catalogue-dictionary of crime were too bad in Irish mouths a few months ago, and who is now one of Mr. PARNELL's Whiteboys in the older, if not in the more modern, sense of the term. He is distressed by the belief that the heart of the Irish is set on Home Rule, and depressed by something like Mr. MORLEY's fear that things will be intolerable till they get it. But none of these arguments is likely to have much weight with Lord GRANVILLE. He would not be likely to take the government of Ireland on his shoulders; not so foolish he. He is not likely to lose sleep or appetite at the idea of the heart of a nation crying for any moon. And, if any one said to Lord GRANVILLE that things would be intolerable till the Irish got Home Rule, we are very strongly disposed to think that Lord GRANVILLE's answer (in the Palace of Truth at least) would be:—"What! Do you think things will be very tolerable when they have got it?"

So we must look elsewhere for guidance, and not a glimmer of direction or of light do Lord GRANVILLE's own words give to assist us in the search. He made, indeed, in the most tantalizing fashion a promise of "a dry statement of the great arguments for Home Rule." But we look for them all—dry or wet—in vain. It seems that "a man like Mr. GLADSTONE has undertaken the Home Rule cause," and that is one of the great arguments. But the people who want argument unfortunately are just the people who decline to adopt anything because Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. Anybody has undertaken it. That is an argument for Lord BURTON; not for the patient, but reasonably intelligent, man in the street. Then Mr. BALFOUR is, it seems, a clever and agreeable, but wicked and unwise, person who says bad things about Mr. GLADSTONE. *Et Turtuffe, milord?* What we want to hear is not about Mr. BALFOUR's vice or virtue, but that dry statement of the great arguments for Home Rule. Then, of course, we have the national aspiration plea, which, we suppose, may be allowed to be a kind of approach to argument. But Lord GRANVILLE has known this national aspiration for a very great many years, and it never seems to have produced any effect on him before. Also Lord GRANVILLE knows that what the question is is not whether the Irish want Home Rule, but whether Home Rule is a good thing for the Irish to receive, and for the nation of which the Irish are only a part to grant. Next Lord GRANVILLE talks about the "moderation of the Irish leaders." Of course if Lord GRANVILLE calls the frantic screams of Mr. DILLON, which he must have read not many hours before he spoke, "moderation," there is nothing more to be said. And of course there is also no more to be said when Lord GRANVILLE compares the claim of a Parliament in which

America was not represented to tax America with the claim of a Parliament in which Ireland is somewhat over-represented to keep common order in Ireland. If a man calls such a comparison an argument, he must be let alone. Again, many wise men have been called mad for proposing wise things; Mr. GLADSTONE has been called mad for proposing Home Rule, and therefore he is a wise man, and Home Rule a wise thing. Here at last we get to something that is, in form at least, an argument and no mistake. We protest that it is the only one such that we can find in all Lord GRANVILLE's speech, and we congratulate him upon it. It is, with the common plea that the Irish ought to have Home Rule because they want it, and Mr. MORLEY's plea that the Irish ought to have Home Rule because they make themselves so horribly unpleasant without it, the only fish in all the rolling waste of waters of Separatist eloquence that has come to our net. *Credo quia insanum vocatur* is Lord GRANVILLE's simple motto, and in it there is at least a hint of constructive statesmanship. At present there are maintained in various public institutions, at a vast expense, large numbers of persons who are called mad. Let us instantly discharge both Houses, all the superior and as many as possible of the inferior officials of State, and put the persons afflicted with what is called madness in their places. Then, of course, Home Rule will be at once granted, every Jack shall have Jill, and Lord GRANVILLE will be able to sleep on his two ears.

#### THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

OF all the political speeches of the last few days Mr. BALFOUR's received and deserved the closest attention. The controversy on Home Rule has temporarily or permanently subsided, and it is doubtful whether the subject excites any eager interest even among the bulk of Irish Nationalists. The popular orators have for some time past confined their efforts to agrarian agitation. Their clients care much more for the prospect of holding their land rent free than for partial or total independence. The English Separatists are content with a vague approval of a principle which has not yet assumed the form of a legislative project. They unanimously acquiesce in Mr. GLADSTONE's refusal to walk with his eyes open into the trap which figuratively represents a practicable scheme of Home Rule. It is possible that he may himself have become weary of an interminable discussion. It is at least certain that in his speeches at Nottingham and Derby he was bent rather on thwarting the efforts of the Government to enforce obedience to the law than on vindicating the policy of Home Rule. Mr. GLADSTONE apparently relies on the alleged necessity of choosing between coercion and conciliation. By his encouragement of disorder, and especially by his attacks on the police, he hopes to leave the Government and the country no alternative to absolute surrender. It is for this reason that he hounds on the rabble to revenge Mitchelstown, and that he repeats with ready credulity the vague calumnies and the shameless excuses for murder which are supplied in abundance by his Nationalist confederates. His letter to the Chairman of the Dalkeith meeting contains the audacious assertion that the Government is violating the law. Mr. GLADSTONE must intend to encourage and justify resistance to the Acts which he falsely declares to be illegal. If the police could be intimidated or defeated, the attempt to enforce submission to the law must be abandoned. In that event the present Government might relinquish its task in despair, and Mr. GLADSTONE would be restored to office. He has attempted in vain to convince Unionists of the expediency of Home Rule, but force supersedes argument. If rebellion triumphs, the experiment of buying off its promoters will certainly be tried. It is a question of secondary importance whether the price which must be paid to the victorious Nationalists will be higher than the demands which they preferred when the first Home Rule Bill was introduced.

The announcement that Mr. BALFOUR was to speak at Birmingham was received with interest and curiosity, not so much on account of any new arguments which were likely to be adduced, as through a desire to know whether he and his colleagues were frightened. No efforts have been spared either to increase the difficulties of the Government, or to persuade them they have already lost the confidence of the country. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. GLADSTONE himself have again and again reiterated the statement that since last year a general reaction has occurred. A slight

increase in the number of Liberal voters at half a dozen by-elections has been attributed to a growing conviction of the expediency of Home Rule. Three or four seceders from the Unionist ranks, of whom Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is best known, have been received with noisy welcome. The proceedings of the Government in Ireland have been anxiously watched for the purpose of selecting one of the two opposite pretexts for condemning its policy. When it was thought for a time that the Ministers were afraid to use the powers conferred on them by the Crimes Act, they were incessantly taunted with their supposed timidity. A few prosecutions and arrests, and some rare prohibitions of seditious meetings, are cited as tyrannical and violent encroachments on liberty. Of late the charge of undue timidity has been tacitly abandoned. Nationalist papers found it more advisable to exaggerate the activity of the Government than to ridicule its backwardness. A handful of extreme Radicals from England having visited Ireland for the purpose of collecting evidence against the administration of the law were not disposed to extenuate any acts of vigour which they happened to witness. One or two of them had the opportunity of coming into personal collision with the police; and their consequent experiences will supply matter for much indignant eloquence when they resume their ordinary occupation as English agitators. The failures of justice which have in some cases occurred must be attributed to defects in the Crimes Act which were for the most part caused by deference to the scruples of the Liberal Unionists.

Mr. BALFOUR's speech did much to revive the confidence of loyal Englishmen and Irishmen in the firmness and vigour of the Government. As far as it is at present possible to judge, the CHIEF SECRETARY is neither intimidated by Mr. GLADSTONE's unscrupulous hostility nor disheartened by the disorder which prevails in some parts of Ireland. Mr. BALFOUR has undoubtedly convinced his friends and his colleagues that he has been surpassed by none of his predecessors in the primary quality of courage. During the Session, in which he almost alone bore the brunt of the conflict, he uniformly preserved his temper and his presence of mind. The coarsest and most unscrupulous of his opponents were constantly irritated by the unaffected and good-humoured contempt with which he encountered their studied provocations. Mr. GLADSTONE has during the recess been more successful in eliciting a just and angry remonstrance. The Birmingham speech may perhaps have disturbed the complacency with which he is accustomed to regard his own language and conduct. It has been too much the custom of Mr. GLADSTONE's adversaries to confine their criticisms to mere expressions of disapproval, while they profess a respect bordering on admiration for the most dangerous enemy of order. Without transgressing the bounds of legitimate discussion, Mr. BALFOUR accumulated proofs and illustrations of Mr. GLADSTONE's unfairness and inaccuracy. He had found an excuse for denouncing Mr. BALFOUR's defence of the conduct of the police at Mitchelstown in the suggestion that it would have been proper to wait for the explanation which might be tendered by the representatives and defenders of the rioters. Mr. BALFOUR rightly answered that the official narrative, which he still fully believes, was rightly submitted to the House of Commons. If it had been effectually contradicted, the Minister's informants would have been responsible. He has since satisfied himself that the statement was substantially correct. His Irish assailants have confirmed the story told by the police by boasting of a victory which they allege to have been obtained by those whom they also describe as victims of lawless violence.

Of the task which has been undertaken and partly accomplished Mr. BALFOUR speaks in a tone of cheerful resolution. He is prepared to suppress rebellion by the exercise of his legal powers, though, as he truly urged, the weapons which he wields are not well calculated to effect the object easily or rapidly. The Government has, of course, access to confidential reports, and the results of the first experiments are, according to Mr. BALFOUR, not unsatisfactory. He has silenced Mr. O'BRIEN for a time, and it will not be surprising if he proceeds to deal with Mr. DILLON. If the consequences of the appeals of agitators to the cupidity of the people were less serious, it might almost be worth while to allow the worst offenders free license of speech. Mr. DILLON and his friends furnish from day to day instructive comments on Mr. GLADSTONE's assertion that his Irish allies are conducting the struggle with singular moderation. One of their latest attempts to annoy Mr. BALFOUR has taken the form of an action for damages brought against him in the name of a midwife who was



said to have refused to attend a poor woman who had been boycotted by the National League. The instigators of this exhibition of foolish spite had forgotten that Mr. BALFOUR's statement was privileged, having been made in the House of Commons. They would probably boast on occasion of the efficacy of the system of boycotting as it is practised in the most cruel form. Mr. DILLON, who is always plain-spoken, actually taunts Mr. BALFOUR with his liability to assassination. He invites a meeting to decide whether he or Mr. BALFOUR "is the strongest man in Ireland to-day." "He [Mr. BALFOUR] does not dare to crawl out of doors among the people who detest him. He sneaks through the streets of Dublin, &c.," while I "and the men who stand by me, backed up by no armed men, are stronger, &c." The patriotic murderers who make it dangerous for a Minister of the Crown to discharge his duties in Ireland are, it may be assumed, armed, or prepared to arm themselves if they were not prevented by superior force from perpetrating the crime over which Mr. DILLON gloats. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and Lord SPENCER once sneaked in like manner, and for the same reasons, through streets in which it was suspected that assassins were lurking. Mr. DILLON bravely defies the threats of murderers who are all on his own side. It is possible that his designs may not be so bloodthirsty as his threats, but it is base as well as wicked to boast of the security of life which is denied to a political opponent. While Irish demagogues openly rely on the readiness of their followers to commit murder, a second batch of English Home Rulers proposes to encourage their efforts by a friendly visit. Mr. ILLINGWORTH, who is to lead the projected enterprise, is well known as one of the most passionate devotees of faction. He formerly endeavoured to oust Mr. FORSTER, who was then his colleague, from the representation of Bradford, and so far he may be consistent in condemning the policy which Mr. FORSTER pursued under the directions of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is impossible to prevent members of Parliament or others from making foolish speeches, and probably Mr. ILLINGWORTH and his friends will keep within the bounds prescribed by law, but their professed object is in itself criminal. They undertake to assist the Irish people in their resistance to the efforts of the Government to sustain authority and to protect property from arbitrary spoliation. Mr. DILLON, by whose side they may perhaps march through the streets of Dublin with no fear of assassination, is avowedly engaged in an agitation to deprive the landlords of their lawful rights. Mr. GLADSTONE will not discourage the participation of his followers in direct attacks on property and in menace to life.

#### THE BLACK GUARD AND THE POLICE.

FORTUNE favours the brave, and perhaps if Sir CHARLES WARREN had not behaved like a man of spirit in issuing his Trafalgar Square proclamation of Tuesday, it would not have rained on Wednesday in such a manner as most effectually to prevent the self-styled unemployed from carrying out the awful and mysterious vengeance for their wrongs which they had on several occasions professed to contemplate. As to the policy of Sir CHARLES's proclamation, it is only necessary to say that it was his duty to issue it, and that it is his duty to abide by it, and enforce it. It is the business of the Commissioner of Police to regulate the use of the streets within his jurisdiction—and Trafalgar Square, which is the property of the Crown, is expressly subjected by statute to his jurisdiction—for the benefit of the public at large. For this purpose the law entrusts him with the widest powers, especially with regard to meetings, processions, and other events likely to produce a concourse of people. The Black Guard have been "demonstrating" during the last month in Trafalgar Square, and not elsewhere, precisely because it is by demonstrating there that they can cause most inconvenience. The Square is central, commanding, and conspicuous. It is wanted by the public at large for commercial traffic and the other purposes of everyday town life. When it is full of ragamuffins, everybody who wants it legitimately is prevented from having it, and as soon as a determination is shown to disappoint those legitimate wants, in order thereby to exert the influence of terror, it becomes the obvious duty of the authorities—which for this purpose means Sir CHARLES WARREN—to defeat that determination. The only way of doing so is to move everybody on who tries to hold a meeting

in the Square. The purpose of the roughs, as regards the leaders, is partly to advertise themselves, and partly to extort the institutions of relief works or relief funds, contrary to the clearly ascertained policy now guiding the administration of public affairs. As regards the rank and file it is pure mischief, with a lively secondary intention of taking the fullest advantage of any opportunity for theft or pillage which riot—if the proceedings should ever terminate in riot—might afford. These purposes being partly deleterious and partly unlawful, it is clear sense and clear law that the meetings must be prevented and the Square restored to the honest people for whose benefit it exists.

It ought not to be necessary to point out in so many words that if the proclamation were to be retracted it would do more harm than good. The confidence displayed or affected by the "Metropolitan Radical Federation" that they will be able successfully to "defy the polis" to-morrow afternoon is a fresh proof of the evil results of uncertain counsels, and of the imperative necessity of firmness at the present moment. Sir CHARLES WARREN doubtless understands that, having put his hand to the plough with such conspicuous emphasis, he cannot now turn back without becoming the laughing-stock of every thief at large in London. Sir CHARLES's official superiors must also remember that any further shilly-shallying will inevitably—whether correctly or not—be attributed to the Executive in general, and the HOME SECRETARY in particular. The order of Tuesday must, therefore, be carried out completely, impartially, and without flinching. This may involve some trouble, though it is more likely that it will not; but when it is done it will be a decided point to the credit of the Government.

Another step in the right direction, which the circumstances urgently demanded, is the prosecution of persons alleged to have interfered with the police in the execution of the orders rightly given to them, and more especially of those charged with addressing to mobs seditious or inflammatory incitements to commit offences. As several of these cases are *sub judice*, this is not the time to write of them in other than general terms; but it is to be borne in mind that a time within two years of the wrecking of shops and general breaking of windows, and a time, moreover, when the whole executive power of the nation has been and is being assailed by the most conspicuous and least scrupulous politician in it, is one at which the possible results of language of this character are by no means remote enough to be ignored. There can be no doubt at all that the firmness, discretion, and able management of the Metropolitan Police have again and again saved us from outbreaks of the most serious character. The English are not disposed to be much afraid of mobs until some sort of violence actually begins; but we cannot afford to disregard the unvarying lesson of history, that no mob is so contemptible that it may not, if let alone a few hours too long, proceed to excesses of lawlessness which will be remembered for centuries. This makes incitements—for instance—to attack the police, or to be guilty of riotous behaviour, far too important to be ignored, and consequently the comparative severity of the measures taken within the last few days for the prevention of such language does not come at all too soon. In this matter, as in the other, it is to be remembered that strictness in snatches, supervening upon long tracts of laxity, does more harm than good, and that the lesson now being sought to be enforced should not be allowed to be forgotten. If orators of the potentially dangerous class are made to understand the novel proposition that they can openly preach rebellion only at the peril of their own proper persons, it will do no harm to them or to the liberty of the subject.

Before leaving the topic, it is only right to add the trite but true proposition that the London and Metropolitan Police Forces have done, and will yet do, an immense quantity of arduous and extremely important work, and have done it remarkably well. In this praise the whole force, officers and men, are entitled to share. It is a commonplace that every peaceful citizen depends on the police for the privilege of being a peaceful citizen; but knowledge of this fact is now, one would hope, being brought home to the most thoughtless. Considering the exceptional nature of the difficulties encountered by a numerically small body of men, the public will not do itself credit if it fails to respond liberally to the appeal of Lord WANTAGE and his friends for some substantial recognition of services rendered faithfully and with much discretion. Opinions may differ as to the precise pur-

pose to which funds subscribed to this end should be allotted; but there are so many valuable institutions in which every member of the police force has, or at any moment may have, a personal interest that there can be no difficulty in finding one the assistance of which will gratify both the givers and the receivers. At the same time, the flesh is sympathetic; and it is possible that, if some plan could be devised, with the sanction of the authorities, for giving to all constables some direct reason to remember the Jubilee year with pleasure as well as with pride, it would prove more popular than any scheme of a prudential, educational, or hygienic complexion.

#### PHOTOGRAPHY AND POLITICS.

A NEW element, collodion, is to be introduced into Irish politics if the Government takes the advice given by Mr. MALLOCK in the *Times*. There will not only be Government reporters at Irish meetings, but Government photographers. They will, we presume, never once cease working all through a meeting or a riot; and all cases will be, not heard, but seen, *in camera*. We shall see for certain whether Colonel DOPPING held his rifle at the port or presented the muzzle at the little boy. We shall see what the mob was doing, and what the police was doing, and what Lady ANNE BLUNT was doing on every occasion. It may be found difficult to keep up such a ceaseless fire of photographs; but civilization has resources which, as even Mr. GLADSTONE will admit, have not been exhausted. The frivolous objection that the camera and the collodion and all the rest of it may be reduced to the condition locally known as "smithereens" may easily be met. Why not do the photographs out of a captive balloon? The balloon might be redeemed from captivity by the Nationalists, and sent careering through space, to be sure; but interesting scientific experiences would follow, perhaps. Possibly the Nationalists will start their own photographer, who will always "take" colonels when they are excited and patriots in their demurest humours. A shindy might conceivably arise between the patriotic and the Government photographers—such events must be expected. Also we can believe that Irish guile might photograph peaceful multitudes, and substitute the negatives for more authentic representatives of noisy crowds. The Government stamp or cipher is clearly no protection. Mr. MALLOCK does not suggest, but we offer the idea, that phonographs should be provided to catch the exact words and even tone of each speaker. The phonograph is a witness that cannot lie, unless, indeed, patriotic cunning substitutes the wrong phonograph, improperly primed, for the Government article. On the whole, we do not feel confident that, among the resources of civilization, photography will be found the most serviceable in maintaining the Union. Other and noisier chemical and scientific substances and apparatus will doubtless be employed in settling the question, if ever it is settled.

#### TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THE Earl of DERBY was, no doubt, invited to Crewe to bless technical education; but, according to his wont, he remained to pour cold water. On this occasion, at least, we have no fault to find with the cooling stream. The opportunity was made for Lord DERBY, and he availed himself of it admirably. What was needed was that common sense should be talked, and there was no call to take a practical decision of any kind; and as he can always do the first of these things, however hard he has found it to do the second, Lord DERBY was in his element. He told the fanatics for the three R's many excellent truths. There was a polite appearance of compliment about his review of the progress of popular education within this last thirty years, but it covered a slightly perfidious remainder of the little it has done compared with what it was expected to do. Lord DERBY dwelt with a certain complacency on the facility the Board School scholar shows for forgetting the little he has ever learnt. He even insisted on the failure of compulsory instruction to make better workmen in a way which must have been trying to the nerves of some of his hearers. To some extent these melancholy comments were appropriate to the occasion, for Lord DERBY was leading up to the contention that more education was needed, and that it should be technical. But when he got there, his unrivalled faculty for showing the

other side came in again, and he recognized sadly, but firmly, the probability that technical education "can do less for us than we now expect." Translated out of the politely hopeful tone proper to be used before an audience interested in Institutes, and fresh from a distribution of prizes, Lord DERBY's speech may be said to have expressed his secret opinion that Technical Colleges will not do much more than Board Schools to make good workmen. To be sure he had no hesitation in declaring that we should keep on establishing them; but the best reason he gave was his belief that they may help young men of the dangerous age of twenty to spend their evenings more rationally than in a music-hall or other haunt of frivolity. This, he seemed to say, is good as far as it goes, and it is wholesome for all of us to exert ourselves on behalf of our neighbours. The doctrine is sound; but, with all its merits, it is not quite orthodox according to the creed of the believers in technical education.

Professor SILVANUS P. THOMPSON stated the creed very explicitly at Finsbury last Saturday. Stated crudely, it amounts to this—that the habit of doing good work in all handicrafts can be acquired in schools, and that it is dying out in this country for want of schooling, which ought to be supplied out of the taxes (some reformers would say out of the plunder of the City Companies, or other plunderable bodies), and that there should be a Minister of Education. It will be seen that, as usual, the remedies are more Government outlay and more officials. Professor THOMPSON was able to show that much has been done already, but he is not satisfied, and would like to see much more. The Professor is, doubtless, too wise a man to be shaken in his beliefs by the facts and opinions of other people, and so listened unmoved to the discussion which followed his address. To the outsider in search of evidence to support criticism it seemed to contain a good deal which outdashed the dashing of Lord DERBY's cold water. Various speakers connected with different businesses got up, and rather pooh-poohed technical education. There were two points on which they all agreed. One was that there are already more workmen seeking for work than can get it, which disinclined them to welcome a big Government machine for the production of still further candidates. Mr. PARNELL (cabinet-maker) thought there was a danger that "we should have an overcrowded market of foremen and managers from technical schools." It is not unlikely. Mr. AYTON (carpenter) "advocated a limitation of the number of learners of each trade." All were of opinion that there are quite as many men competing for wages as is necessary. The meeting was also very generally agreed that what we are suffering from now is the competition not of better, but of cheaper, work. When every allowance is made for the prejudices of workmen, it cannot be denied that there is a great element of truth in this, and the friends of State technical education may lay it to heart. What can training do to enable workmen to face this competition unless it qualifies them to produce the cheap and nasty, which, for the rest, they are willing enough to learn to do by themselves? It is not ignorance of how to do things well so much as the want of that "revolution of public taste in favour of good instead of flashy work" desired by Mr. PARNELL which is the real grievance at present. Mr. LUCRAFT, again, said a thing which was worthy of consideration. He pointed out that "in the cabinet-making trade, with which he was familiar, all the best work of the present day was but an imitation and reproduction of that of the last century." The cabinet-makers of the last century had no technical schools. They had only a good tradition in the shops, a desire to do sound work, and a public to encourage them with taste. Can technical education supply these things? If it can, it must be by beginning with the public. As long as buyers are content with Tottenham Court Road they will get what Tottenham Court Road supplies. When they want better, and are prepared to pay for it, then they will get it, and the shops will supply it, in their own interest and without further burdening the taxpayer.

#### A NEW PLAN OF COPYRIGHT.

MR. PEARSALL SMITH, an American gentleman, propounds in the *Nineteenth Century* a new plan for copyright between England and his country. That plan is criticized in characteristic ways by a number of English writers. Mr. PEARSALL SMITH starts, like a practical man, from what he considers possible. The Americans are a



people of cheap book-buyers. Their large, scattered population has little to do with circulating libraries. They want books; they want them cheap; and they are accustomed to get English books very cheap indeed. Now it is certain, let moral indignation be as righteous as it will, that the Americans will not give up these advantages. They will not give English authors and publishers the right to sell English books in America at English prices. We may consider this immoral, or, like Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, indelicate; but it is certain that we cannot compel the Americans to alter their law by calling them names. Mr. PEARALL SMITH suggests a kind of compromise. The Americans are still to get our books cheap; but our authors are, if his proposed Bill becomes law, to get something—perhaps a great deal—from their American readers. They are to have a royalty of ten per cent. on the price of each copy of their book sold. The American publishers are to obtain permission to publish the books by purchasing stamps from the author. Each stamp will be paid for at the rate mentioned; the price will be higher for dear editions naturally, cheaper for cheap editions, in proportion. The offence of publishing editions without the stamps, or with fraudulent stamps, will be legally punishable. Thus a dozen American publishers may bring out a dozen editions of a popular English book, and the author's royalties will probably be more than he would get from any single publisher, even if protected.

If the Americans can be got to approve of a Bill of this sort—which, of course, may not be very likely—the English author at least will have good reason to be pleased. This is the opinion of Lord TENNYSON, who would support the arrangement on the plain principle that “something is better than nothing.” The Duke of ARGYLL thinks that the plan “seems the only proposal which meets all the difficulties of the case.” Archdeacon FARRAR would have been a very large gainer if the law had been in existence, and he thinks “the details of the scheme seem feasible.” Mr. RIDER HAGGARD thinks that the scheme “would be cordially accepted by English writers . . . it is all that we foreign writers have a chance of obtaining from America at the present time, and as such it should be gratefully accepted, if by good fortune it should come within our power to accept it.” Mr. LEWIS MORRIS thinks it would enable English authors to ascertain how their books sell in America, and to recover a share of the profits. As to the amount, ten per cent., Mr. MORRIS thinks it inadequate; but he, too, would probably prefer it to “nuppence.” Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY thinks the plan a good settlement, “if practicable,” and adds, “we need not argue on the moral of the question.” Sir THOMAS FARRAR thinks the proposed Bill would be more serviceable than all the preachments of moralists and all the complaints of “authors.” Mr. BESANT, criticizing certain details, “despairs of seeing justice done by the United States in this matter.” But Mr. BESANT admits that many objections which he once took have been removed.

Here, then, are many witnesses more or less satisfied. Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD and Professor HUXLEY are not satisfied. Mr. ARNOLD says the average American man and all other average men, except perhaps in France and Italy, lack delicacy. He also thinks that he himself profits more by his present arrangement with his publishers than he would profit under the new system, which is likely enough. It is the popular poets and novelists who will profit. Professor HUXLEY will hear nothing of the scheme. Practically, it could not work. Morally, it is trifling with justice. An author could not afford to be always prosecuting scamps of booksellers who forged his stamps. Besides, the publisher who has bought the artist's stamps may possibly alter his book. There will be no proper price paid for delicate scientific illustrations, which cost so much to produce, and can be cheaply and rudely “processed.” The author's credit will suffer. Professor HUXLEY prefers to be robbed openly, if robbed he must be.

This is a matter of taste. One would rather have a pocket-handkerchief dexterously removed than be knocked on the head and relieved of a purse. The processing of engravings, the incorrect printing, will go on as much, at least, under the present state of things as under a system which secures an author some payment. On the whole, we think English writers, if not very delicate, or very moral, or very scientific, will agree with Lord TENNYSON in preferring something to nothing. Whether they will ever get anything, as of right and by law, is a different matter; perhaps not in our time.

## BURMESE RAILWAY ROUTES TO CHINA.

HAPPILY the value of Upper Burmah does not depend on its fitness to supply a trade route to Yunnan, or else Messrs. COLQUHOUN and HALLETT would put us considerably out of conceit with our new possession. It had been generally supposed that there was a good road capable of being used for laying down a railway to the new Chinese market by Bhamo. Now engineering science turns upon us like DE QUINCEY's goddess with a fine frank smile on her brazen face, and calmly points out that this is a delusion. There are “abysses,” not in the literary sense, but real holes, all along the frontier, and before a railway could pierce it, half a dozen Mont Cenis tunnels and several Menai Bridges would have to be made. So there is much to discount from the value of Upper Burmah as a trade route to Yunnan. Happily, we say again, it was not taken for that purpose only, or even mainly, and is well worth having on its own account, apart from the very solid political reasons which hastened the occupation. It can be opened by railways and connected with India. This piece of work the Government would do well to encourage, and there is no reason to suppose that any obstacle will be thrown in its way. A line running from “Chittagong to Makum, thence across the Pakoi range, and through the Hookong Valley, to join the railway lately proposed by Mr. CROSTHWAIT, Chief Commissioner of Burmah, from near Sagain, opposite Mandalay, up the Moo Valley to Moyoung, with a branch to Bhamo,” will open Upper Burmah to commerce. The very names—which are, of course, familiar to the patriotic Englishman—will explain the whole thing to him at once. Still, however useful this system of lines may prove to the smiling valleys of Hookong and Moo, it will not open Yunnan to the British trader.

Messrs. COLQUHOUN and HALLETT have a scheme to do this last piece of work. It is a complete and plausible-looking scheme enough, and yet the Indian Government will probably turn its tongue at least twice in its mouth before giving that guarantee of four per cent. on the shares which Mr. COLQUHOUN and his colleague think necessary to encourage the investor. In the railway-guide style the proposed railway might be described as the Moulmein-Myawaddy-Ruheng-Ssumao line. Without any doubt whether it is rude, we take it that three of these names at least are unfamiliar to the British public. With absolute confidence we recommend inquirers not to look for them on most maps, for they will assuredly fail to find them. There are map-sellers of reputation in London who will sell you a map of Burmah which does not as much as mention Moulmein. It is, however, not necessary to get the latitude and longitude of these places with accuracy, though they are to be found in the admirable maps inserted by Messrs. COLQUHOUN and HALLETT in their well-illustrated “Report” (London: Allen Scott). The essential thing about them is that all, except Moulmein, are out of British territory. The line preferred by Messrs. COLQUHOUN and HALLETT—or rather the line which they declare is the only one practicable—crosses the narrow slip of Lower Burmah on the west side of the Malay Peninsula, and then runs at once into Siam, and continues in that country or in the Shan States until it reaches the Chinese frontier somewhere near “Ssumao” (alias Esmok), which may or may not be the town spelt Semow on many maps. Science compels us to stumble among the contradictory systems of spelling. Now it is unnecessary to stop and ask whether this line could ever be made for the modest five millions named by Messrs. COLQUHOUN and HALLETT. Neither need anybody insist ungraciously on their own confession that they have only surveyed a part of the country themselves and are trusting to a French authority for the rest. Let it be taken for granted that the line can be made and that no abysses will be found in the way. But when it is acknowledged something very serious has still to be faced. Who is to answer for the safety of the makers of the line while it is in progress, and for its secure working when it is made? Siam does not belong to us even nominally, though we are good friends with it and ought to be better. The Shan States are our vassals since we have stepped into the place of the King of Burmah; but our rule over them is as yet about as effective as the control exercised by King JAMES IV. or V. over the clans beyond Loch Awe. It requires no great knowledge of Oriental affairs to see that a railway running through a barbarous independent State, and across a country occupied by savage tribes, would need constant protection, and could, in fact, only be defended by

the effective occupation of the whole country. No doubt Messrs. COLQUHOUN and HALLETT may answer that it is the manifest destiny of Siam to be protected, and of the Shan States to be properly policed, by England, and that their railway, besides tapping Yunnan, would do service by hastening on this desirable consummation. We are nowise inclined to argue the contrary opinion, only we beg to point out that the expense of extending the benefits of civilization to Siamese and Shans must be counted in with the cost of that railway, and that it is not business to talk as if the liability of the Indian Government could by any possibility end with the 200,000*l.* of yearly interest on the shares. Messrs. COLQUHOUN and HALLETT will probably find the Indian Government illuminated on that point. It is in vain that so obvious a net is spread within the sight of so old and so wily a bird.

#### LORD SALISBURY ON IRELAND.

THE reception given to the PRIME MINISTER at the Guildhall last Wednesday, and the enthusiastic welcome, in some respects even more significant, which was accorded to Mr. BALFOUR, are incidents not the less satisfactory because they might to some extent have been anticipated. We say to some extent only, because, although a Government engaged in a death struggle with anarchy and disorder might be assured of the general sympathy of such an audience, it was by no means a matter of course that the head of that Government and his (for the purpose in question) second in command, should have been greeted with such effusive warmth. Such a greeting seems to imply something more than sympathy with the work to which Ministers are devoting themselves; it appears to indicate satisfaction with the progress which they have made with it. And the existence of this feeling is, of course, a matter of the first importance just now. Almost the highest virtue which can be recommended to the Unionist of either party at the present moment is that of patience. Quite the most needful perception which he can cultivate is that of the two great facts—that inveterate maladies seldom or never admit of expeditious cure, and that it is easy for a malingering patient to feign all the worst symptoms of his complaint in their utmost acuteness at a time when he is in reality making fairly rapid progress in convalescence. Let those who are inclined to chafe at what they think the slow suppression of lawlessness in Ireland reflect upon the length of time during which, with but one period of partial intermission, the reign of that lawlessness has been allowed to endure. It is now full seven years since the Nationalist agitators first commenced that organized attempt, as Lord SALISBURY well described it, “to compel a large portion of the population of Ireland to accept the position of ‘fraudulent debtors’;” and during the whole of that time their efforts in this direction have been attended, if not with complete, at least with very considerable, success. For too long a part of that time—so far at least as certain districts of Ireland are concerned—their success was not only virtually complete, but practically unchallenged. Human nature, therefore—and especially Irish human nature—being what it is, it is impossible to doubt but that over a great part of the south and west the idea that the law of the League is stronger than the law of the land has rooted itself deeply in the minds of the population, and that to eradicate it must necessarily be a work, not of days or weeks, but of months, and even possibly of years. And, to come to our second point, which, though equally important, may be more briefly disposed of, it is necessary to remind impatient people that the clamour and turmoil which men like Mr. DILLON, Mr. O'BRIEN, and even so insignificant a young histrian as Mr. REDMOND, are able to produce afford no sort of measure of the really popular resistance which the Government are meeting with. On the contrary, they may even be signs of an exactly opposite import, since it was always certain that the more distinctly these gentlemen felt the people of Ireland slipping from their grasp, the more noise they would be likely to make.

Those who give due weight to these considerations are not likely to be dissatisfied with what has been done thus far by the Government in Ireland, and the feeling displayed by the Guildhall audience appears to show that they at any rate have made all proper allowance for the difficulties of the situation. Lord SALISBURY, however, supplied them with additional arguments against impatience in his speech of Tuesday night. Apart from the inveteracy of the

malady for which Ministers are treating Ireland, it is beyond dispute that the curative appliances for dealing with it have been, and are still, to a certain extent defective, at least as compared with those which are at the command of the foreign practitioner; and it is no less indisputable that for the first time in England we have been confronted by a determined attempt in the highest quarters to aggravate the virulence of the disease. The words in which Lord SALISBURY described this sinister phenomenon fall short, perhaps, of doing complete justice to its scandalous novelty. It would be bad enough, indeed, if the conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers were adequately characterized when they are spoken of as refusing “to confine their opposition to the legislative stage” of measures for the enforcement of law, and of insisting on carrying their resistance to them into the domain of executive administration. They go even further than this. In their passionate desire to embarrass the Government, they do more than attempt to obstruct the administration of the Crimes Act; they do their utmost to incite the people of Ireland to offer violent resistance to legal process undertaken for the enforcement, not of an exceptional statute, but of obligations sacred at common law, and secured by the jurisprudence of every country of howsoever rudimentary a civilization. It is true, no doubt, that law is law, and that, whether it is to be found in the last volume of statutes or in the practice of courts since courts existed, the offence of encouraging resistance to it is equally grave. But from the point of view of the offender's state of mind, a distinction exists which is worth insisting on. It is just conceivable, that is to say, that Mr. GLADSTONE may have persuaded himself that he is warranted in obstructing the administration of an Act which he would certainly repeal at once if he came into power. But it is not conceivable that even Mr. GLADSTONE can believe himself justified in encouraging violent resistance to the enforcement of that ordinary law of contracts which neither he nor any other Minister not prepared to acquiesce in the total dissolution of society could hesitate for a moment to maintain.

But, if Lord SALISBURY did not describe the present attitude of Mr. GLADSTONE and the Gladstonians with the full severity which it deserves, the language in which he expressed the determination of Ministers to break down the lawlessness which this attitude is designed to encourage requires no strengthening whatever. Replying to those—it was Mr. GLADSTONE himself that indirectly inspired them—who declare that there will be no legislative activity until Home Rule or Separation is brought about, he warned them that, if their only hopes of a renewal of the activity is based on any anticipation of a falling off in the efforts or a weakening of the faith of those who uphold the integrity of the Empire, they are preparing for themselves a heavy disappointment. “There may,” he continued, “have been some desertions. Some REUBENS of politics, unstable as water, have rolled back to the place where they had originally been; but, as a whole, looking at it broadly and with reference to the main currents of opinion, I believe that those who, gathered from the two political parties, desire to maintain the integrity of the Empire are more united, stronger, more determined to subordinate to that great consideration every other cause in which they may be engaged than they ever were before. I never knew, I never read, of a cause in which personal claims and political prepossessions were so readily surrendered ‘in order that one great object may be attained.’ These are weighty words, and the weightier because they were evidently well weighed. So authoritative a refutation of all idle rumours of Unionist dissension and internal difficulties ought to relieve the apprehensions of every unduly anxious mind. We do not believe, for our part, that such apprehensions prevail at all to any considerable extent; but still there are those upon whom persevering bounce and swagger do in time produce a certain effect, and who, by mere force of reading day after day in vapouring Radical newspapers that the Ministry is ‘moribund,’ that the Unionist alliance is breaking up, and other rubbish of that sort, are tempted at last to believe, in an indolent, mechanical sort of way, that there must be something in it. Were they only behind the scenes in the political and journalistic conflict, and did they only know the profound and almost pitiable despondency to which the concoctors of all this braggadocio are a prey, they would be immensely reassured. Those who are better placed for discerning the true state of matters are well aware that the Separatist stump orators and pressmen ‘who make this dreadful pother o'er our heads’ are



merely thundering away to keep their own sinking spirits up. At the beginning of the present year, indeed, there was a little more sincerity in their boasting, for the strength of the Unionist alliance in the House of Commons was then untried, and, judging by themselves, the Gladstonians hoped much from the assumed inability of Liberals to support "a Tory Government" even for the sake of saving the Empire. The discovery, however, that, with the single exception of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, no Liberal of the slightest importance has found the least difficulty in accomplishing this feat, but that, on the contrary, the Liberal-Conservative alliance has triumphantly stood the severest strain to which it has ever been subjected—this discovery, we say, has struck a chill of despair to the very heart of the Gladstonian faction. In secret they now acknowledge, and sometimes in confidential moments they admit, that there is no reason in the world why that alliance and the Ministerial majority secured by it should not endure throughout the natural life of the present Parliament. And, though we do not agree with them on many points, they have our entire concurrence upon that.

#### L'AFFAIRE CAFFAREL.

THE rather complicated case which is briefly described by this name very properly throws everything else into the shade in France for the present. It is, if not quite as important, certainly more amusing than anything going on in the political world. This does not mean that the Affaire CAFFAREL is positively amusing; but only that it is relatively funny in comparison with, say, M. ROUVIER's conversion scheme, or the appointment of the Committee which is to inquire into all the corruption which exists, or ever has existed, or which is alleged to exist or to have existed, in the administration of public affairs in France. M. COLFAVRU succeeded in replacing the mandate to inquire into the misdeeds of M. WILSON which was to have been given to the Committee by this somewhat extensive alternative. What the Committee will do is not unlikely to prove a matter of lively interest before long. The extreme Republicans have contrived to be well represented, and it may be taken for granted they will do all the mischief they can to the Conservatives whom they do not like, and to their fellow-Republicans of the moderate sections whom they hate most intensely.

As the Correctional Tribunal at Paris is happily not able to commit any man to prison for contempt on this side of the water, we need have no scruple about commenting on the CAFFAREL trial. Up to the present what has been proved is that a number of persons tried to be rogues, and that a number of others were fools up to a certain point. Mme. LIMOUZIN, Mme. RATAZZI, Mme. la Comtesse DE ST. SAUVEUR, Mme. la Comtesse DE COURTEUIL (*née* VÉRON, and ennobled by herself), and the various male animals who hunted for them, and with them, appear to have been a most unsuccessful body of adventurers. They were always trying to get hold of a dupe, and failing just at the critical moment—just, that is, when the money should have been paid over. As for General CAFFAREL, his piteous explanation of his connexion with these very inferior jackals inspires a certain confidence. His stock phrase of excuse, "I had nothing to do with all this bribery business, but I winked at it because I thought it would help me to discount my bills," is so foolish that no man who had not been reduced to the very verge of imbecility by pecuniary difficulties could possibly use it. The witnesses are the liveliest part of the proceedings. M. VICAR, who told the Court that he thought he deserved the Legion of Honour because he had borne himself well in '48, and resigned his place as school-master rather than serve NAPOLEON III., and who, therefore, felt himself justified in investing part of a fortune made by the sale of insecticide powder in the purchase of that distinction, since he could not get it in any other way, was not unworthy to be the countryman of M. MIPOBOLANT. This person deserves to be preserved as a type of the born victims of Mesdames LIMOUZIN and RATAZZI; but even he does not appear to have actually parted with money. As these ladies must have lived upon something while they were pushing their fortunes in Paris, it must be presumed that they obtained money from their dupes every now and then; but these victims seem to be wise enough to imitate the conduct of the persons Dr. JOHNSON had beaten before he knocked the bookseller down with the folio. They hold their tongues. All these persons will soon become com-

paratively uninteresting, for an immense extension has been given to the case by the charge of forgery brought against the detective police of Paris by Mme. LIMOUZIN's lawyer, and apparently not without reason. The accusation is that they destroyed certain letters of M. WILSON's which they found in her possession, and have replaced them by forgeries. It is an instance of the harmony and public spirit which prevail in the various departments of the French Government that the Judge and the Public Prosecutor seem to have shown the utmost indifference to the discovery that the Rue Jérusalem had been forging in order to aid an influential person who seemed likely to be annoyed by the course the trial was going to take. It was also in the natural course of things that the discovery should be seized upon by the Chamber, and made the means of renewing the attack on M. WILSON. So little has come out of the wild excitement aroused by each successive charge or revelation in the course of this history of scandal that it is prudent to wait for more evidence before believing that much will come out of this last incident. Already, however, it has brought another defeat on M. ROUVIER, and it has shown that the inquiry cannot be *canalisé*, which appears to be the newest French for "burked." On the contrary, the discreditable struggle seems likely to become chronic, and in that case it can hardly be ended except by a very serious political crisis.

#### MODERN PLUCK.

THE newspapers are not invariably depressing. The story of Lieutenant FEGEN's fight with a slaver is good reading, so is the tale of Inspector BASSETT's courage at a fire. It was in May that Lieutenant (now Commander) FEGEN, with a pinnace and seven men, went patrolling the East African coast near Zanzibar. He had five blue-jackets, an interpreter, and a marine. "To him enter" a dhow, a peaceful-looking dhow. Lieutenant FEGEN sent his dingy, with his coxswain, his one marine, and his interpreter, to speak with the dhow. That vessel opened the parley with a fire from a score of Snider rifles. The marine answered in their own language, with a Martini-Henry, and the nine-pounder in the pinnace joined in the conversation. Thereon the dhow, which was, of course, a slaver in disguise, bore down on the pinnace to ram her. Lieutenant FEGEN issued the order to "prepare to resist boarders," and himself rushed into the thick of the action. The Arabs were four to one, and Lieutenant FEGEN accounted for two with his revolver, and for a third with his cutlass; while PEARSON, one of his men, gave another the point. But Lieutenant FEGEN's sword-arm was disabled, three of his five were lying wounded, and eleven out of twenty Arabs appeared to have an easy chance over our remaining force of two. GUYS and FRED RUSSELL fought while they could stand; and the dhow tried to sheer off. But Lieutenant FEGEN, his coxswain, his interpreter, and his marine were not content with a Cadmean victory. They proved bad men to run away from. Arabs were attracted to the shore by the sound of firing, and they took the side of the slaver. Luckily some one in the dingy or the pinnace shot the helmsman of the dhow; she drifted into shallow water, and there sank. The unwounded men of the crew took to the water, and only four or five of them reached land. Lieutenant FEGEN, shipping his marine, his interpreter, and his coxswain on board the pinnace, played with his nine-pounder on the Arabs, who withdrew. He was able to save fifty-three out of sixty-five slaves, and of his men he lost only one killed, a seaman named BENJAMIN STONE. The others are reported to be doing well, and they deserve every reward that the admiration of their countrymen can give them. Mr. BASSETT, an Inspector of the Metropolitan Police, has already received some recognition of civic pluck not less than that of Lieutenant FEGEN, STONE, RUSSELL, PEARSON, GUYS, and the others whose names also should be known. BASSETT's action was not less dangerous than that in which they were engaged. He walked through a burning house and rescued a half-stified and helpless inmate. He had actually to drag this gentleman downstairs, through the flame and smoke, to the drawing-room floor, where, it is written, "he received an ovation from the crowd." He has received more permanent and valuable reward than an ovation—and a compliment from Lord CHARLES BERESFORD. These things are consolatory to read of at a time when neither valour nor gratitude is precisely the

most obvious and common virtue of English society. They confirm the hope that Englishmen, so gallant in almost desperate enterprises like those of Lieutenant FEGAN and Mr. BASSETT, may not collectively prove wanting in conduct when they are called on to be worthy of their fathers. The noble behaviour of a man seriously endangered by an accident to the Forth Bridge is also worthy of record. He was hanging over the water in a most dangerous position, but declined assistance when it came till another man who was "dazed" had first been rescued.

#### THE APPEAL IN MR. SULLIVAN'S CASE.

WE should imagine that no lawyer and very few laymen can have expected any other decision on the question raised in the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN's case than that which has just been pronounced by the Irish Exchequer Division. Were it not indeed that an excessive scrupulousness on points of law and procedure in administering the Crimes Act is, no doubt, a fault on the right side, we should certainly have been disposed to say that Mr. O'DONEL ought never to have referred such a question to a Superior Court at all. A more subtle, and indeed a more flimsy, objection to evidence can seldom have been taken than that which weighed so much with this thoroughly capable and experienced Dublin magistrate—for that is undoubtedly a true description of Mr. O'DONEL—as to induce him to dismiss the charge against Mr. SULLIVAN. We do not believe that it would have weighed for a moment under similar circumstances in an English police-court, and the absurd clamours of those who talk about the law being strained for the suppression of the National League find a singular comment in Mr. O'DONEL's exaggerated punctilio. To the average lay mind the defect which the magistrate discovered in the evidence against Mr. SULLIVAN must be quite invisible. Mr. SULLIVAN was charged with publishing in his newspaper, the *Nation*, a notice of the proceedings of a meeting of the Shelburne branch of the National League, at Ramsgrange, being within a district in which the League had been suppressed by an order of the LORD-LIEUTENANT in Council. The Crown proved successively (1) that the branches of the League had been suppressed in the district in question; (2) that the report of the proceedings of a meeting, affirmed in such report to be the meeting of a suppressed branch of the League, appeared in the *Nation*; (3) that Mr. SULLIVAN was responsible for its publication; and (4) that a meeting was held at the time and place specified by the newspaper, at which a certain person, referred to in the notice, did, in fact, take a prominent part. For want, however, of evidence external to the newspaper to prove that (5) the meeting held at Ramsgrange was, in truth and in fact, a meeting of suppressed branches of the League, Mr. O'DONEL dismissed the charge. We repeat that the average lay mind will find the greatest difficulty in comprehending why any further proof of (5) should be required than is contained in (2) and (4) taken together; but the question on which the case went off in the inferior Court was even more refined than that. It was not whether (2) and (4) taken together do in fact establish (5), but whether it was open to the Court to consider (2) as evidence at all. Mr. O'DONEL, in other words, did not (at least in the only part of the stated "case" which the Exchequer Division consented to entertain) ask whether he was bound to find, on the sole evidence of Mr. SULLIVAN's newspaper itself, that a meeting of certain suppressed branches of this League did take place, but whether on such evidence he was entitled to do so. Was the newspaper report, that is to say, or was it not, valid evidence in law that the offence which it declared itself to be committing had actually been committed? And was it or was it not the duty of the police magistrate to proceed to consider whether it was conclusive evidence in fact?

To these questions Lord Chief Baron PALLES, after a careful review of precedents, has replied with an unhesitating affirmative. Upon the authority of many judgments as to the evidential validity of the unsupported confessions of accused persons the CHIEF BARON, with the concurrence of Mr. Justice ANDREWS, held that the statements in the *Nation* constituted valid evidence in law that Mr. SULLIVAN had committed the offence with which he was charged, and that Mr. O'DONEL must now proceed to consider whether that evidence is conclusive in fact. Having

sufficient ground on this point alone for remitting the case to the Court below, we are not surprised that the judges should have declined to consider the further contention raised by the Crown—namely, that publication, with a view to promote the objects of the Association, of a notice of proceedings untruly represented to have taken place at a meeting of a suppressed branch of the League, is an offence within the meaning of the Crimes Act. On this question the LORD CHIEF BARON and his colleague, with the somewhat trying reserve which is characteristic of judges, decline to pronounce any opinion whatsoever; but, having regard to its manifest importance, we hope it may not be long before the point comes before the judges under conditions which will compel them to decide it. To the judgment of common sense it will most certainly appear that the contention of the Crown should be upheld. The gist of the offence of publication is the intent to "promote the objects" of the National League. A newspaper proprietor, therefore, who should fabricate reports of fictitious meetings of suppressed branches of the League, in the hope of persuading the public that the law is being defied where it is in fact being obeyed, displays to our thinking an even stronger desire, and certainly a more calculated intent, to promote the objects of the illegal Association than can be ascribed to the reporter of meetings which have actually occurred.

#### THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND HIS SON.

IT is possibly not incumbent on an Englishman to protest against the indecent conduct of German doctors who, with many professions of high motives, have availed themselves of the illness of the PRINCE IMPERIAL of Germany for the purpose of advertising themselves. The wrangles of medical men with rival theories over the beds of their patients have been among the stock commonplaces of comic writers from of old; but no satirist has ever imagined anything more ludicrous than the display of professional pique, trumpery national vanity, and bad taste made by some of the German doctors who have thought fit to comment on the case of the PRINCE IMPERIAL. This is, however, a matter for their countrymen to judge. If they think that the employment of an English specialist is an outrage on German patriotism so gross as to excuse an angry Professor for making capital out of the illness of a future German sovereign, they must be left to indulge their own strange taste. What is everybody's business is the disgraceful loquacity of the daily papers of all nations, which seem to be engaged in trying to out-rival one another in the publication of disagreeable medical details, which may possibly be in their place in professional papers, where they can be avoided, but are simply disgusting in an ordinary newspaper. The public cannot understand them, and ought not to be supplied with them. What wholesome purpose can be served by filling columns of foreign correspondences with Dr. STÜCK's opinion of the English surgeon who has shown confidence in his rival, Dr. SCHRÖTTER; with the disappointed gentleman's bragging of what he has done; or with speculations as to what the others will think necessary to do, and who will be chosen to do it?

The gravity of the news that the actual ruler of Germany and his heir may both be removed by death or by a disease which incapacitates the patient from taking an active share in public business requires no emphasizing by gossip. It will bring a new element into the politics of Europe if the throne of the Empire is filled by a young man of whom little is known, and who has no experience either of government or war. There is a possibility that his accession might subject even the unity of the Empire to a perceptible strain. As head of the House of HOHENZOLLERN he is sure of the loyal support of his hereditary kingdom of Prussia, but it is at least doubtful whether he could calculate on anything approaching to the same traditional devotion from the other States of the Empire. Germany as a united State is very young, and there are old memories which, in spite of the growth of national feeling, and the unanimous determination of Germans never again to subject themselves to the risk of a sudden French invasion, might revive if the central Government were directed with less tact and judgment than is displayed at present. The Emperor WILLIAM occupies a wholly exceptional position. His age, his services to Germany, and his personal character give him



an almost paternal authority over the other princes of the Empire. The CROWN PRINCE, although he has abstained carefully from putting himself forward in political matters, has contrived to inspire general confidence in his temper and abilities. He has proved himself a good, if not a brilliant, general. A king of Saxony or of Bavaria could defer to either father or son without loss of dignity. They might not find it so easy to do so if the ruler of the Empire, which it must not be forgotten has come into existence during their lifetime, were a young man. National feeling in Germany has become strong of late years, but it is going far to take it for granted that it will necessarily ally itself with devotion to the House of HOHENZOLLERN. The personal character of Prince WILLIAM can be little more than a matter of speculation at present. Even if all that is said of him is true (which, seeing how maliciously royal personages are talked about, is improbable), it does not follow that he will do when he comes to the throne what he promised or threatened when he was removed from it by two degrees. It is a trite enough observation that the heir-apparent and the king differ considerably. But, whatever the character and abilities of Prince WILLIAM may be, he is unknown, and his accession to the throne or to power as Regent would add another element of uncertainty to the state of Europe. It is not at present peaceful or stable enough to bear more than is weighing on it already; and, therefore, even if the EMPEROR and his son had not secured the respect of all Europe, and something like affection in a great part of it, even out of Germany, their recovery would be heartily hoped for. The great age of the Emperor WILLIAM makes it in the last degree improbable that he can remain much longer on the throne; but there is, fortunately, still reason to hope that his son may be left for years to govern the great Empire which he helped so materially to create. The fears of all Europe make men inclined to read the favourable parts of bulletins with scepticism when so much is at stake. There is, of course, some reason for declining to put confidence in vaguely hopeful declarations which are counterbalanced by confessions that a disease is growing; but fear is very subject to exaggerate. It is at least possible that the doctors are telling the truth when they say that there is no reason for alarm.

#### ANOTHER ANCIENT MARINER.

WE do not hear Mr. CHILDERS on Irish affairs quite so often as we should like to hear him. He keeps himself too modestly in the background, and even when he comes to the front for a moment and addresses the public, he leaves, like Lord SPENCER in similar situations, an indefinable impression that he wishes he was at home. We do not mean to suggest that either Mr. CHILDERS or Lord SPENCER actually requires to be dragged on to the platform. It may be that no pressure is put upon them to speak; and that they obey certain recurrent internal promptings of their own. It may be that at "an uncertain hour their agony returns," and that they feel compelled, like the Ancient Mariner, to disburden their bosoms of the history of their crime. But they don't like it any more than the Ancient Mariner did, and the hearers who carefully study their laboured and painful utterances may well be sadder and wiser men for having listened to them. Mr. CHILDERS's speech at Kilmarnock last Thursday was rendered a little less depressing than usual by being carefully divested of any individuality, and being as closely assimilated as possible to a piece of historico-philosophical disquisition, by a sophisticated essayist with a bad case to support. Canada, said Mr. CHILDERS, supplies "an instance in which the refusal to grant Home Rule led to a disastrous rebellion," which was only put down with considerable difficulty. "The alternative policy then was Home Rule as advocated by Lord DURHAM, who went out and, &c. &c." Again, proceeded Mr. CHILDERS, "in America a policy of Home Rule had been advocated. It was that of Mr. BURKE. The alternative policy was that of Lord NORTH. The end of the controversy was that, &c. &c." But why did Mr. CHILDERS stop here? Surely America might have reminded him of another illustration which may or may not serve his argumentative purpose. Let us try to adapt it to his own language. In America, yet again, a policy of Home Rule had been advocated. It was that of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. The alternative policy of Coercion was that of President LINCOLN. The end of the "con-

troversy was"—by-the-bye, what was the end of the controversy? Perhaps Mr. CHILDERS will look into the history of the affair, and report to us whether it seems to favour his contention. And, while he is on the subject of America, it might be well for him, perhaps, to reconsider his reference to BURKE's "Home Rule policy" for the American colonies, and his implied comparison of it with Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule policy for Ireland. The parallelism of the two in respect of the precise question which led to the American War of Independence—namely, the question of taxation—is no doubt exact. Mr. BURKE's and Mr. GLADSTONE's policies are doubtless in perfect accord thereon. But Mr. CHILDERS would be refreshing our defective memory if he would tell us exactly *how* these policies agreed. At present we cannot remember whether it was that Mr. GLADSTONE disclaims an Imperial right of taxation as against Ireland, as BURKE did as against the American colonies, or whether it was that BURKE insisted, like Mr. GLADSTONE, on retaining the control of the finances of the Home-Ruled dependency in Imperial hands.

Mr. CHILDERS, however, was not wholly historical. He had at least two observations to make on current politics, both of which deserve a word of comment. He said, referring to Parnellite offenders against the Crimes Act, that it was "a serious matter to find that men of high personal character, who had been, and were, members of Parliament, were, when convicted under the new law, compelled to herd with ordinary criminals, perhaps with thieves and swindlers." We can only interpret this remark to mean that Mr. CHILDERS has at last yielded to the force of evidence which last Session he obstinately resisted, and that the grievance of which he now complains is that men who have cheerfully consorted with "extraordinary criminals," dynamiters, and the suborners of assassination, should be reduced to the company of such very "ordinary offenders" as those whom Mr. CHILDERS has particularized. One remark in his second reference to current politics and we have done. He "contrasted the treatment of Mr. PARNELL by the Liberal Government of 1881 with that of Mr. O'BRIEN now." But he did not go on to "contrast" the treatment of Mr. O'BRIEN now with the much more strictly analogous case of Mr. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON in 1883 or 1884. Has he never heard of Mr. HARRINGTON's "plank-bed"? If so, he can never have heard him address the House of Commons at all, since from no single speech with which that patriot has ever favoured the House has the plank-bed been absent.

#### THE PARABLE OF INDIAN ART.

"THE arts of India," writes Sir George Birdwood, "will never be properly understood until there are brought to their study not only the sensibility which can appreciate them at first sight, but a familiar acquaintance with the character and subjects of the religious poetry, national legends, and mythological scriptures that have always been their inspiration, and of which they are the perfected imagery."

This is a hard saying. Amongst the critics and sightseers who not long ago flooded the Indian Court of the Exhibition at South Kensington, how many persons of education, or even of "culture," can pretend to a familiar acquaintance with the religious poetry, national legends, and mythological scriptures of ancient India? Must we then receive the opinions upon Indian art expressed by many persons of the finest taste as worthless criticism, and simply the views of people speaking upon a subject they do not rightly understand?

Where Hindu art is concerned, there can be no doubt that Sir George Birdwood is absolutely right. People do not understand this art who have not penetrated the imaginative and religious temper of India—nay, who have not themselves been to some extent penetrated by it, and made to feel its peculiar influence and charm. And this initiation cannot be acquired by any outside view of the subject, nor is it obtained in a day. No technical information will compensate for the lack of the "familiarity" Sir George Birdwood makes the condition of a right understanding of the subject—familiarity, that is, with the sources whence this inspiration is drawn. It is not necessary, it is not even very helpful, to have all the Hindu Pantheon at one's fingers' ends to distinguish precisely between the "vahana" and "taktis" of the numerous deities, to know the thousand and odd names of Vishnu, and the complete history of all his incarnations. It is not even required by the student of Indian art to have explored every dark nook and corner of the Ramayana and Mahabharata; but it is required of him to have dwelt and wandered in these "immense flowering forests," as Heine calls them, because in this ancient poetry, and nowhere else, he will discover the spirit that is at the heart of all Indian religions and philosophies, as it is the treasure of which the arts of India are the symbol and the casket.

To describe this spirit in finished phrase would be to unsay what has gone before, and to attempt to convey in words what it has been stated can be learned only through sympathetic experience. The impatient Western critic will sum the matter up, and get the peculiar temper of Indian thought and fancy described and done with, in a sentence that expresses only the negative side of the question. "The Indian imagination is haunted by a sense of the impermanency of existence." Most true; the sense of the impermanency of material things is to the Indian mystic what the "Fear of the Lord" was to the Hebrew, what compunction and consciousness of sin are to the Christian; it is the *beginning* of wisdom. But, if we wish to understand how this sense of impermanency can become a sustaining inspiration for the religious sentiment and a source of abounding fancy and invention in the domain of art, we must take counsel of the saints and sages who of old found illumination beneath the sacred Peepul and Banyan trees of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*.

Any such condition will, of course, be prohibitory to the supremely modern critic who pretends to judge the ages from his own position "in the foremost files of time," and who even to enter the kingdom of heaven could hardly condescend, for the moment even, to become as a little child. Humbler persons, however, need feel no alarm; for those who will at the outset consent to lose themselves, and even their sober wits, for a season in these immense wonder-haunted forests will assuredly find themselves by-and-by, and in a region where they can hold their heads as high as they please, and find companions also for their most modern aspirations and ideas. The prodigies and marvels that at first seemed the distinguishing characteristics of the place soon assume another character, and become proofs and witnesses of the dream-like unreality of the sphere where they appear. When the natural world is recognized as a vision passing before the soul, what matters it if the vision take now and again an extravagant form? And here we have the reason why the Indian visionary looks upon nature with a fine perception of her grace and beauty, and even with a true delight in her comicalities and extravagances. *The dreamer takes pleasure in his dream.* It is not as with the mediæval mystic; for the Indian Nature is not the sphere of evil and temptation, where the very flowers signify the beauty that conceals the treacherous worm; where the fruits are accursed, and the animals types of grossness and impurity. No. Nature is Maya, illusion, a brightly-tinted bubble upon the ocean of existence; a sunlit cloud, soon to melt and vanish away; a dream of passion, pity, and desire, troubling the divine and eternal peace of the soul. But behind the dream, everywhere and without distinction shines the light of which material existence is the many-coloured veil. And by this penetrating light Nature is ennobled, whilst she has still the tender melancholy of a vision that must change and pass. Here is the sentiment that reveals itself in every legend and parable of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, and that we can recognize as the ruling influence in Indian religion and art.

"It is the special faculty of this race," writes Michelet, "to see through the body to the soul. The animal is not an animal, but a soul that has been or will be a man. The herb is not a herb, nor the tree a tree; everywhere circulates the divine spirit." This peculiar sentiment shows itself through the Indian's love of the grotesque, and is the secret of his success and failure in this field. We shall not find in him the malicious mirth of the mediæval artist, whose old quarrel with the animal—the vexing adversary of the inner angel—makes him rejoice to pay off his many grudges, and jest at sin's expense and unregenerate old mother Nature's at one and the same time. The mediævalist, too, has more mystical horror at his command, and surpasses the Indian in his talent for producing monsters; his scaly dragons, slimy reptiles, fierce-taloned hideous birds live with the life of his own terror and loathing, and have the vigour of his faith in the reality of the evil power and in the unseen presence of tempting fiends eager for man's destruction. But with the Indian evil is of the sphere of Maya illusion, and therefore his monsters are plainly "monsters of occasion," made to fit the circumstances and to change and melt away with them. Parvati, as Kali or Durga, held to represent the destructive forces of Nature, will hang tigers' claws round her neck, loll out her tongue, smear red paint on her hands, and do her best to look fierce and terrible; but presently, as Parvati Devi, she will become again the mother of creatures, and her hideous grimaces for the moment amount to nothing more than a warning that suffering and bloodshed are bound up with this dream of life, and should make less bitter men's regrets that it is vanishing away. But if the Indian imagination fails in producing the broadly comic or fear-inspiring effects of mediæval art, it lends itself to Nature's humour, and excels in her own mood of tender railery without a touch of scorn; carrying forward the creation of quaint, ungainly, mirth-provoking creatures, "grave absurdities," as George Eliot has it, "cheerful queerinesses" that are yet in harmony with the sunlit landscape, and that live with the same life that kindles it and lends every detail in its beauty and solemnity. The noble and graceful effect of Indian sculpture and carving is no more marred by the "grave absurdities" in which the artist delights than the sweet seriousness of an Indian evening is disturbed by the quaint outline of a striding camel against the rose-flushed sky, or by the vulture that sits with huddled shoulders on the temple roof, or by the unwieldy buffaloes wallowing luxuriously up to their heads in the pool fringed with broad plantains and wide-cut palms.

The Indian's love of the grotesque, then, is a part of his sympathy

with Nature, and has behind it the same tender reverence and compassion. The best illustration of this sentiment is to be found in the character of one of the most popular of Hindu heroes, known to English readers as the "Monkey God" Hanuman. The term "god" applied to Hanuman is, by the way, somewhat less correct than it would be used of a Greek hero or mediæval saint, whose exploits and virtues in life had obtained for him posthumous honours. Hanuman is a prince amongst monkeys, prodigious in strength, courage, and goodness of heart; yet a monkey throughout, the hero of the animal world *par excellence*; and, as such, at once the friend and the foil of the perfect man Rama, who is the type of human heroism. Rama, in accordance with the Indian ideal, is self-controlled, compassionate, calm in affliction and in joy, always superior to the circumstances in which he is placed. Hanuman is vehement and volatile, easily moved to grief, anger, or wild delight; ill-luck reduces him to suicidal despair, good fortune kindles him to mad elation. His thoughtlessness and absence of mind plunge him constantly into trouble; his ingenuity and audacity as constantly extricate him. He is boastful and fierce in battle, savage in revenging injuries, touching and almost sublime in gratitude for kindness and unwearied devotion to his benefactors. When Hanuman appears, mirth, mischief, and excitement follow. But he is not only the endless source of merriment and movement. He stands also in Indian art and poetry to represent the simple life of nature; in other words, the enchanted soul that, blinded by illusions, mistakes the mere child's play of material existence for reality. The amusement, then, Hanuman excites by his vehemence and passion is not without a touch of gentle melancholy in it. The sage who sits outside and looks at the vision of life as a passing spectacle has an indulgent glance and smile for the child of nature, Hanuman.

But the Indian artist does not work only or chiefly under the inspiration of Hanuman; and there is more to be learnt of Indian art in these "immense flowering forests" of ancient poetry than the secret of its power to excel in grotesque humour that never declines into ugliness, mockery, or terror. The *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* are more than vast poems or collections of poems; they are the unquenched and living sources from which has flowed for more than three thousand years, and still continues to flow, the imaginative life of India. The Western student now has not, like the brave travellers and scholars who have made the path clear for others, to cut his path through the obscure entanglements of an ancient and difficult language. The road lies open to him, or rather the cup of sacred water stands within reach of his hand. It might surely be held more worth his while than it is to raise the cup to his lips and drink the water that will bring initiation into the secrets of India. Hear the enthusiastic Michelet, for instance. "The year 1863 will always be a sacred one for me," he exclaims; "it was then I could first read the great and holy poem of India, the divine *Ramayana*. 'Who reads the *Ramayana* is cleansed of his sins,' says Valmiki; and this word is not in vain. Our 'sin'—the dregs of bitterness and cynicism that time has brought and left with us—this great flood of poetry will wash us free from and purify us. Whose heart is dry, let him refresh it at the *Ramayana*. Who is soured by pain, let him draw thence appeasement in compassion of Nature. Who has worked too hard, struggled overmuch, let him drink from this deep cup a draught of new youthfulness and life."

#### A DIPTYCH.

ON Wednesday morning last the two following paragraphs, separated only by a line and a half of insignificant matter, appeared at the head of the summary of events in the *Daily News*—

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to his constituents, pointing out that the excesses of the Government in Ireland have gone beyond all expectation, that the rejection of Home Rule has been followed by Coercion directed against the Press and the right of public meeting, and that the prohibition of public meetings has been followed at Mitchelstown by the most wanton and disorderly disturbance. Mr. Gladstone thinks that these deplorable events will make the true question plain to the nation, and that they have already exposed the miserable hollowness of the profession that the Union as now administered gives Ireland equal rights with ourselves.

Two men yesterday morning entered the house of a farmer named Quirk, at Lisacahane, near Tralee, and shot him in the leg. Quirk shortly afterwards died. It is stated that he had become the caretaker of a farm upon which there had been an eviction.

We have no desire to be hard on the *Daily News*. A man must back his side in politics as in other things, and the line which the paper has taken as to the lawlessness in Trafalgar Square has a little gilded the line which it has taken as to the lawlessness in Connaught and Munster. Moreover, it has never approved the Plan of Campaign, and has drawn down on itself vials of wrath from Mr. Harrington and from English Gladstonians, compared to whom Mr. Harrington is a respectable person, for its remarks on that subject, on Mr. Harrington's own blackguardisms, and on others. But what must have been the thoughts of any moderately intelligent editor when he passed for press, in immediate juxtaposition with each other, two such paragraphs as those which we



have put in still closer, but hardly more striking, contrast? In one Mr. Gladstone speaks of the "excesses of the Government" in maintaining order; in the other there is the plain, brief, unadorned statement of certain excesses which the Government of the Queen (for the first time almost in history not assisted, but directly hampered, by Her Majesty's Opposition) is fighting its hardest to put down. The whole Irish question in a nutshell, the whole case of Salisbury v. Gladstone stated in a score of lines—that is what this little three inches square, or thereabouts, of paper and printer's ink gives us.

We are not, we need hardly say, going to do what writers on the other side would do, and indulge in a blood-curdling description of the murder of Quirke. That may be found in the daily papers which exist for the reproduction of such things. And we shall only spend a few lines on the hackneyed and idle excuse which is of course set up, accompanied or not, according to the politics and the previous education of the writer, with a few banal words of denunciation of outrage and of sympathy with the victim. "The part of the country where it happened is not under the control of the National League." Precisely. There are not often battles in countries already conquered; the cows of those who meekly and punctually pay blackmail are very seldom lifted. "It is believed that the event was due to the jealousy of neighbours, who wished that the murdered man had not taken the land." Exactly; and what is the whole agrarian crime of Ireland but the result of the jealousy of those who would like a valuable (soon, if their deceivers be allowed to speak truth, a more valuable) possession to be in their own hands rather than in any one else's? Unless the people of our British Paraguay are altogether idiots, unless the criminal lunacy which displays itself in the Rowntrees and the Conybeares is reproduced at large in their constituents, there can be no possible mistaking of this murder. It is the sanction of the policy of the National League. It is the efficient cause which enables Mr. Dillon to bluster out his challenges to Mr. Balfour to come out into the streets and meet the fate of Quirke and Whelan. It is the foundation of the power of Mr. Parnell. It is the *ultima ratio* of that argument of the Irish people which Lord Spencer and Mr. Morley, which Sir George Trevelyan and Lord Ripon, din into the ears of weary audiences and readers. "Give up your land, or I will murder you"; "Give me Home Rule, or I will murder somebody"—this is the unvarying, the simple, the sole argument of the blameless creatures whom hysterical persons of both sexes, like the Amy Manders and Wilfrid Blunts, have taken under their wing. Abolish, if you could, the murderers of Quirke, and Mr. Dillon and Dr. Walsh, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Labouchere, would find their occupation gone at once. "No murder, no National League" is the sum and substance of all rational theory on Irish politics.

So much for one side of the question; now for the other. It would be unfair to leave Mr. Gladstone with a mere summary; he shall have his letter to his constituents printed in full:—"My dear Sir,—I am glad to find you are to hold a meeting of interest and importance in Dalkeith on the Irish Question at so early a date. Even before that date arrives fresh novelties may come into view. The excesses of the Government have gone beyond all expectation, and have reached a point at which, through the officers whom they appoint and encourage, they who are paid as well as bound to support the law have become the most glaring offenders against it. The rejection of Home Rule has in the natural course been followed by Coercion. Coercion, professedly aimed at crime, has been directed against the Press and the right of public meeting. The arbitrary prohibition of public meetings was not enough, and has been followed at Mitchelstown by the most wanton and most disorderly disturbance, with those deplorable and fatal consequences of which the Ministers had declared in Parliament their approval. These events, deplorable in themselves, will at least make plain to the nation—and not least to Scotland—the true question before us. They have already exposed the miserable hollowness of the profession that the Union as now administered gives Ireland equal rights with ourselves, and have proved that the spirit of the old tyranny is alive in the hearts of the present Irish Administration, although, happily, it does not possess the power of Strafford or of Cromwell or of Clare. I need not say how sure I feel that the Dalkeith meetings will powerfully aid in exhibiting the truth to the country.—Believe me, faithfully yours, W. E. GLADSTONE." It is with a kind of savage joy that some people may possibly have read this letter. "Even before that date arrived fresh novelties" had "come into view." The murder of Quirke perhaps to Mr. Gladstone may not have been a novelty, it may have been all in the day's work; but to less strong-minded persons it illustrates his anticipation afresh and just a little luridly. "The excesses of the Government have gone beyond all anticipation," and they have even drawn a little blood from the party which drew Quirke's, and not a little of it. "The most wanton and disorderly disturbance" ["Close up," quoth Mr. Condon, M.P.] has occurred at Mitchelstown, and these deplorable events ["deplorable" twice repeated, though the English language is not quite so poor as to necessitate repetition] have led to the deplorable "necessity of murdering Quirke." That is the logical ending of the sentence; but logic is not Mr. Gladstone's strong point. "These events," to resume, "will make plain the true question before us"; and perhaps the murder of Quirke may not altogether throw darkness on that question. "They have exposed the miserable hollowness of the profession [that

the Irish Nationalists are murderers from the beginning? Oh! dear no!] that the Union as now administered," *et patati et patata*. "They have proved that the spirit of the old tyranny is alive [in the breast of Captain Moonlight? Oh! dear no!] in the hearts of the present Irish Administration." Mr. Gladstone "need not say how sure he feels that the Dalkeith meetings will powerfully aid in exhibiting the truth to the country." Pity that the corpse of Quirke could not have been sent over to aid the exhibition!

A certain libellous leaflet, with "Remember Mitchelstown" at its head, was lately, if report may be trusted, spread broadcast about the country. The two parallel passages which head this article, and the origin of which is above suspicion, might, perhaps not without advantage, form the substance of a similar circular, not libellous at all. It might bring home to the British public, in its present partial apathy, what manner of man it is who is soliciting the British public's vote and interest for his return to power; and it might give a subject of contemplation more edifying even than the constancy of the martyr O'Brien in retaining marvellous foul linen in preference to donning the clean but filthy dowlas of the tyrant Government. An unpleasant comparison was forced upon Mr. Waverley when he contrasted the sufferings of his worthy tutor (who had once had nothing to eat for some hours, and when he had something found it cold) with those of the Baron of Bradwardine in his Patmos. May it be trusted that, to at least some Gladstonians, the martyrdom of the law-breaking demagogue O'Brien and the martyrdom of the law-abiding farmer Quirke may be in the same way (though the contrast be somewhat wider) instructive.

We are not sure that too mild a tone has not been taken hitherto with the supporters of the League of Murder in England. It has been presumed that they are amiable partisans, misinformed enthusiasts, and so forth. They can hardly now be anything of the sort. Every man, from Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley to Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Labouchere, knows, or ought to know, that without such occasional sanctions as the murder of Quirke the League would go at once to join the hundred associations of rascals and quacks which have tyrannized and cheated Ireland before it. Every man of them knows, or ought to know, that the spirit of lawless resistance to law which has been lately encouraged leads directly to such acts as this. Professor Tyndall has good-naturedly suggested that some of them are "silly." Far be it from us to deny it; but there are limits even to silliness. Even Professor Stuart, of whose intelligence we have not a much higher idea than the other Professor, knows that when you see a man "sold up" for not paying rates or rents, the meaning of that proceeding is that the others shall be encouraged to pay rents or rates, not that it gives any particular pleasure to the particular agents to make the particular victim uncomfortable. Even Professor Stuart, who is supposed to know something about mechanics, if he knows nothing about anything else, knows what a "motor" is. Now murder is the distress, murder is the motor, of the National League. Without it, or the fear of it, the League could not exist for a month. And our English Home Rulers know this (unless they are mere fools, which no doubt some of them are), and they wink, and say nothing, or what is worse than nothing. Does any one remember a famous cartoon of Mr. Punch's some years ago—a cartoon of the assassin behind the curtain and the Irish leader before it? Let us drop this hypocrisy. The men before the curtain, the suborners of, or traders on, murder are not Irish members. They are the English Gladstonians, and their leader first of all.

#### MATHIS.

M. COQUELIN'S performance of Mathis in *Le Juif Polonais* serves chiefly to emphasize the power of Mr. Henry Irving. It can scarcely be necessary for us to say that for M. Coquelin, within the true range of his art, we have the most cordial admiration. A better Mascarille is not conceivable, and others of his Molière studies are hardly, if at all, inferior. Almost everything that he does is marked by consummate art; but his Mathis seems to us a complete mistake, made with the most deliberate intention. We perfectly understand M. Coquelin's conception of the part. He wishes to show a man of such firmness and iron resolution that no one can possibly guess his deadly secret; a man so jovial and simple in disposition that it must seem utterly preposterous to suspect him of the murder which he committed fifteen years before. This view is logically defensible—off the stage. M. Coquelin can advance plenty of argument in favour of it. Not a shade of suspicion ever attaches to Mathis, as is proved by the utterance of his friends when he staggers into the room to die among them, with the sensation of the rope about his neck, after that awful night when, in a vision, he has been forced to confess his crime and to hear himself sentenced to death. "*Le vin blanc l'a tué*" is the doctor's decision. "*Quel malheur! un si brave homme!*" one friend mournfully says; and another adds, little knowing, "*C'est la plus belle mort*. On ne souffre pas," and so the curtain falls. He has kept his dread secret to the end, not a soul connects him with the murder of the Polish Jew, Baruch Koweski. What we have to say about this is that such a character as the Mathis of M. Coquelin has no dramatic *raison d'être*. Throughout two of the

three acts he is utterly uninteresting, absolutely commonplace, a chubby little peasant who sinks into insignificance amongst insignificant surroundings. The third act requires different, and necessarily energetic, treatment. As M. Coquelin plays the part, the act is in violent contrast to the others; in Mr. Irving's hands it is a culmination. A critic who does not see what is not to be seen is likely to be charged with psychological blindness by those who flatter themselves that their vision is more acute. The charge if advanced will not in the least distress us. Our contention is that if the character of Mathis does not contain more than M. Coquelin extracts from it, there is no excuse for its presentation on the stage. Nothing can be much easier for an actor than to play the part of a criminal who is quite callous when he believes himself to be safe from discovery, but such a part will inevitably be totally ineffective, and M. Coquelin's Mathis certainly is so. We do not think that the French comedian will complain of any coolness in his reception, or want of the most cordial, and at the same time keen and critical, appreciation of his acting. The Royalty Theatre has been crowded nightly, and with the exception of the Erckmann-Chatrian play, everything that he has done has been greeted with manifestations of delight. There can only be one true explanation, therefore, why M. Coquelin's Mathis has fallen so very flat, while Mr. Irving's study of the part retains all its power to thrill and appal audiences after having been seen constantly for sixteen years.

As the English actor plays the part Mathias enters his house and greets his friends cheerfully enough. He is affectionate to his wife, tender to his daughter, but there is about him an air of inquietude which he is not able altogether to hide. The reason is given. He has been terribly struck, gravely alarmed, by the sight of the mesmerist at the fair, the man who has such strange power over his fellow-creatures. We are not to suppose that Mathias has always been thus nervous and excitable; there is no warrant for such a suggestion. M. Coquelin, aiming we cannot but fancy at Mr. Irving, is reported to have said that he could easily give such an exhibition of mental distress as to ensure his being arrested in five minutes; but if this be really meant to point at Mr. Irving, it merely proves how superficial is the view which the French actor takes of his rival's performance. Such a man as Mathias, the highly-esteemed burgomaster, might do many odd things and yet not be suspected of a murder committed fifteen years before; but, in truth, Mathias does nothing odd; he is only troubled, and by degrees spectators gather the reason. Mr. Irving distinctly dates the beginning of the murdered man's long-delayed vengeance from that chance meeting with the mesmerist at the fair. Thenceforth he can never more escape from the shadow of the crime, which gradually overwhelms him. We are compelled to watch the doomed man, when Mr. Irving reveals him to us, as he struggles to free his mind from the recollections which are continually brought back to him by the mysterious sound of the bells. We watch M. Coquelin, and see nothing but a smug and prosperous countryman worried occasionally by a half-forgotten trifle, the remembrance of which, however, causes him amusement rather than pain or horror. Mathias has seen the mesmerist, and mentions the fact, much as—purely for the sake of conversation—he might remark on any other casual incident of the day. It was strange, of course; if he had not seen it, he would not have believed it; but, after all, it had little or no effect on him, though he does look up for a moment when Heinrich relates what he has heard of this Parisian who sends people to sleep, and makes them tell what is on their conscience. Surely a man with such a crime as murder on his conscience might well be moved by the idea which would inevitably occur to him. What if he were sent to sleep; what if the man made him tell his secret! This Mr. Irving indicates. What effect it has on Mathias, indeed, we presently see; for it was, of course, the shock of this meeting with the mesmerist at Ribeaupville that is reproduced in his fatal vision. We feel while we note Mr. Irving's half-hidden emotion as the mysterious man is discussed that something will come of this, and so interest is gradually strengthened. If it be a triumph of psychological study to arouse no interest, M. Coquelin here succeeds thoroughly. The appearance of the Polish Jew when presently he enters does, of course, rouse the stolid Mathias; but there seemed to us little of genuine terror in the actor's cry.

We not unnaturally anticipate that when we see the man by himself, safe from the observation of his wife and friends, we shall find a change in him; he will not be the self-satisfied burgomaster, but the criminal whose conscience is burdened by the murder. Here, however, is more psychology. He has recovered from the shock of the Jew's appearance, and all is well. "Heureusement les gens sont si bêtes... ils ne comprennent rien. Oui, oui, les gens sont bêtes!" he cries, and he chuckles complacently at the dulness of people's wits. In counting the money which goes to make his daughter's dowry he comes upon the one gold piece which must have been among the fruits of the assassination. The start and look of horror with which the Mathias of Mr. Irving noted the coin and remembered all that it meant is not likely to be forgotten by any one who has seen *The Bells*. M. Coquelin takes it up with some little curiosity, fancies that it may as well be removed from the rest, and puts it in his pocket. In doing so, it may be urged, he simply follows the plain stage directions. "Du vieux... Ah! celle-là vient encore de la ceinture... Non, pas pour eux, pour moi! Elle nous a fait joliment de bien, la ceinture... Oui, oui, sans cela l'auberge aurait mal tourné... Il était temps... huit jours plus tard l'huissier Ott serait venu sur son char-à-bancs... Mais nous étions en règle; nous avions les écus." Two renderings of this

speech are surely possible. There may be on one hand mere placid contentment unmarred by any disturbing thought, a reading which has no sort of dramatic significance; there may be, on the other hand, an attempt for a moment to defy the Nemesis, to admit the crime, indeed, and yet to seek to excuse it, wretched as the excuse must be, by dwelling on the urgent necessity for money which existed, and yet—"Si Catherine avait su... Pauvre Catherine!" As M. Coquelin speaks these last words they mean nothing; it seems to us that they should be full of meaning. Again we do not assert that M. Coquelin cannot find justification for playing the scene as he does play it, without making any effect whatever; only to play it thus is not dramatic, for the reason that no effect is made on appreciative spectators. Over-acting is no doubt worse than under-acting. We certainly do not want M. Coquelin to strain effects, but we do want character and colour in the actors who fill the chief parts in drama, and in the first two acts of *Le Juif Polonais* M. Coquelin does nothing which can justify the introduction of Mathias as a leading personage in a play. There is no doubt a section of British playgoers who regard everything that is done by a recognized actor on the French stage as wholly admirable, no matter what it may be, and who are equally convinced that the English actor must inevitably be deficient in the highest qualities of histrionic art. Much reputation for critical acumen may easily be gained by any one who professes this theatrical doctrine—and talks a good deal about psychology. For ourselves, we applaud what is effective, providing always—and this is a most important, indeed, an essential provision—that effect is obtained by thoroughly legitimate, and irreproachably artistic, methods. We do not think that in this play Mr. Irving oversteps the mark; we are sure that M. Coquelin falls very far short of it.

M. Coquelin plays the last act, the scene of the trial, with very great skill; some lack of dramatic power there may be—we are never alarmed, thrilled, "carried away," as the phrase goes—but it is all admirably clever, and notably so the manner in which the actor indicates that it is a dream. Everything was against him at the Royalty. The scene, with the three expressionless judges on the bench, is very crudely revealed, whereas at the Lyceum a mysterious effect is produced by a cunning arrangement of gauzes, which gave a vague and visionary effect to the Court. When an actor of M. Coquelin's rare capacity has a definite task before him, with the lines plainly marked out, his success is certain, and much of the pantomime of this dream scene is far less difficult than might be imagined. The desperate struggle against fate; the fear which overcomes the murderer as he finds that his son-in-law Christian, to whom he has trusted so implicitly, does not appear in answer to his agonized cries to save him from his stern judges; the frantic endeavour to avoid the unavoidable, and the reproduction of the murder scene, stolid at first as under compulsion, but becoming vivid and ardent as Mathias is carried away on the current of memory—all this is admirably done by M. Coquelin. That the French comedian should fail in subtlety, he who is so rich in detail and imagination, is strange; but it is true, unless, indeed, the complaint should rather be that he is super-subtle. A study of character which does not impress or affect or interest must, however, be pronounced a failure; and, judged as a whole, it must undoubtedly be said that M. Coquelin fails as Mathias. The other players were neither good nor bad, except those who filled the small parts, and they were very bad indeed; but we need not discuss the subordinates in detail. The stage appointments were of a sort only found in out-of-the-way country theatres. These are comparative trifles when the question of M. Coquelin's Mathias comes up for consideration, and that we have seen is a deep disappointment. Let Mascarille reappear, the oftener the better, and Mathias be forgotten as soon as possible.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND LIBERAL-UNIONISTS.

THE professions of respect with which Mr. Gladstone's old colleagues and present antagonists adorn their speeches may seem to some persons natural and becoming; but perhaps they have been pushed too far and continued too long. No doubt they are held to be politic. The extravagant hero-worship of which Mr. Gladstone is the object among certain classes of the community dictates a reserve, trenching perhaps upon insincerity, in speaking of him. If his conduct is what it is described to be, his character can scarcely deserve the encomiums which are passed upon it. There is apparently a growing sense of this discrepancy in the minds of some Unionist orators. Their language is becoming day by day more and more qualified, and takes the form occasionally of Mark Antony's tribute to the highly honourable character of Brutus. In truth, Mr. Gladstone's political virtue seems to resemble the ascetic self-denial of Tartuffe, and the tributes to it have a curious likeness to the "Pauvre homme" with which Orgon welcomes Tartuffe's feats of appetite and self-indulgence. It is scarcely possible that politicians who are forced to describe Mr. Gladstone's conduct as Lord Selborne, Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Courtney describe it can think of his character as they profess to do. We venture to suggest that they owe a little candour on this point—the only point on which they lack it—to themselves and to the public. The great mass of English voters judge of measures by men, and not of men by measures. If Mr. Gladstone, to fifty-five years of public life and more than half a



century of office, to a triple tenure of the highest place in the councils of the Crown, to great legislative triumphs whether for good or evil, and to unexampled powers of oratory and unprecedented Parliamentary ascendancy, adds the moral qualities which are profusely attributed to him, it will be difficult to persuade the majority of his fellow-countrymen that he is not right in the course which he now recommends. It is necessary to show that not these qualities, but their opposites, have been conspicuous in the tactics which he has pursued during the past two years. Whether Mr. Gladstone never was what he was long supposed to be, or whether he has ceased to be what he once was, is a question which it is not necessary very deeply to consider. It may be that infirmities of character which always belonged to him have gained increasing ascendancy, that the tares growing up with the wheat have choked the better grain, that association with great and upright statesmen, from Peel and Wellington down to Lord Hartington and Lord Selborne, checked the development, or, at any rate, prevented the display of sinister attributes which were always there, and which have sprung up in luxuriant vitality in the favouring companionship of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Conyngham, Mr. Dillon and Dr. Tanner.

No doubt men who owe their introduction into political life and their advancement to Mr. Gladstone, who have been his colleagues and his friends, find it difficult to speak of him or even to think of him as he is, or to give expression to that partial misgiving which they cannot but begin to entertain. Lord Hartington labours under special embarrassment in this matter. He owes, not indeed his career, but the obstacles which have impeded his career, to Mr. Gladstone, who left him to sustain the burdens of leadership in hopeless Opposition, and when the legitimate reward was within his reach, thrust himself forward to snatch it from him. This course may have been necessary when the task of forming the new Liberal Ministry in 1880 had to be undertaken. But Mr. Gladstone created the necessity by which he profited. If he had been true to his own solemn pledges of retirement from public life, and to his virtuous renunciations of office, Lord Hartington would have been Prime Minister of England in 1880, the Liberal party would be united and strong, and the greatest danger that England has had to confront since the Napoleonic war would not now face her. Generosity and forbearance are admirable qualities, and the degree in which they have not been shown by Mr. Gladstone to Lord Hartington perhaps measures the degree in which Lord Hartington thinks it necessary to display them to Mr. Gladstone. But the first duty of a public man is truthfulness to himself and truthfulness to the nation which trusts him. Mr. Gladstone is the great public danger which assails the country, and that danger consists in the sophistry and disingenuousness and grasping personal ambition which he veils beneath the language of disinterested patriotism and of moral and religious exaltation. Mr. Gladstone presents the most remarkable illustration which our time has afforded of the influence of authority in matters of opinion; and the weighing of that authority is a task which ought not to be shirked.

Liability to be imposed upon by cant is the great weakness of the English public, and especially of that part of the English public which follows Mr. Gladstone. They hear from him on platforms the phrases to which they are accustomed in the conventicle—appeals to names which, for our part, we decline to invoke in political discussion. A true reverence would be silent about these things. In the first volume (which has just been published) of his *Histoire du Peuple d'Israel* M. Renan speaks of the degradation to which religion submits when it becomes the vehicle and sanction of national prejudices. He finds an illustration of this in the lower attributes which were assigned to the Deity when the God of the Patriarchs became the Jehovah of the Jews. We have nothing to do here with the soundness of his Biblical criticism, and mention it only for the sake of the modern illustration with which he enforces it, and which itself admits of further application. The growth, he says, of the national spirit in Germany of late years has converted the spiritual and universal God of Christianity and philosophy into a mere national Deity, the God of the Germans—*Unser Gott*. M. Renan perhaps a little exaggerates. The phrase of Luther's Hymn has not necessarily this purely national application. Still apparently, in the Emperor's view, the Deity is in a special degree the leader of the German armies, the wrecker of vengeance upon France. Mr. Gladstone has gone further than this. He makes the God of the Christianity which he professes, not indeed the God of England, but the God of a party in England, the God of the Liberal party, which is His great providential instrument, the God of Home Rule, whose prophet is Mr. Gladstone. The degradation of religion has surely reached its lowest point when it has come to this. Mr. Spurgeon's heart is torn when he contemplates the decline of the old orthodoxy in the Baptist Union. He might possibly find deeper cause for lamentation in the fact that large masses of Englishmen, belonging to what are called the religious classes, can applaud the conversion of the Deity into the God of a party, the inspirer and sustainer of Mr. Gladstone's personal ambition.

Mr. Gladstone does not hesitate to make use of sacred names as electioneering cries. He bribes the sentiment of the Dissenting classes by them, as he bribes the supposed interest and the real prejudices of every class in the community by promising things possible and impossible in the way of legislation if only they will give him a majority at the next general election. They shall have everything they want, and everything which

he has up to this time opposed, if only they will enable him to carry Home Rule. But, when Home Rule is carried, Mr. Gladstone's career, if his solemnly pledged declarations are worth anything, will have come to a close, and he will leave it to others to redeem his pledges. It is true that Mr. Gladstone has used this kind of language before. During the past twelve years, and more, he has been constantly retiring from public life, and as constantly returning to it—of course under a paramount sense of duty and against his own ardent desire for repose. There was always one thing more to be done, after the accomplishment of which Mr. Gladstone would feel that the end had crowned the work of his life. But after that one thing was achieved, another thing always presented itself, and Mr. Gladstone has made as many last appearances on the public stage as a retiring actor taking his farewell. He has thought nothing done while anything remained to be undone; and so long as there are institutions to be destroyed, and Mr. Gladstone is capable of making a speech or writing a post-card, he will always find an occasion for "popping up again." Nevertheless, the fanatics, who are willing that the United Kingdom should be dismembered in order that the Church in Wales or the Church of Scotland should be disestablished or the Universities disfranchised, or plural voting should be abolished, would do well to recollect that Mr. Gladstone is not terrestrially immortal. His public career may not extend over many years longer. They may find that when their house is burned down their little eggs are not roasted. In truth, while Mr. Gladstone's supporters may profitably reflect that his political life may be short, his antagonists will act wisely if they assume that it may be long. If the former desire the measures which Mr. Gladstone promises them in that paulo-post future which is to follow the concession of Home Rule, they will reverse the order of Mr. Gladstone's proposed procedure; they will place measures of English and Scotch legislation first, and leave Home Rule to follow in its own good or bad time. Mr. Gladstone's opponents, on the other hand, ought to be prepared for an indefinite extension of his political career. They are bound to act as if his opportunities of mischief were as numerous as his desires. He is younger by some years than Lord Palmerston was when he died still Prime Minister of England, or than M. Thiers was when he departed in the full vigour of his faculties. The revolutionary spirit which has gained possession of Mr. Gladstone is obviously growing upon him. The impulse of destruction is strengthened in him by its exercise, and it will be difficult for him to hold his hand while anything remains to be demolished.

#### DRAMATIC RECORD.

IN Mr. H. A. Jones's new play, *Heart of Hearts*, which is now being given at the Vaudeville Theatre, there is a certain very haughty Lady Clarissa Fitzralph, who, perhaps not altogether without reason, is displeased at the idea of an engagement between her only son and her butler's niece. The butler's brother steals a jewel. He is a returned convict, having been imprisoned by reason of false testimony borne against him by Harold Fitzralph's father, under circumstances which are not described; and he seeks to persuade himself that his theft may pass muster as a recompense for the sufferings he has undeservedly endured. Putting these considerations aside, what we have to point out is the ridiculous notion that Daniel Robins could have got into the grounds, made his way to the door, entered the room, and stood about in it soliloquizing without being detected. The odds, to put it in a sporting form, are about 500 to 1 against Robins being unobserved, and 500 to 1 chances never "come off." How many windows overlook the path up which Daniel Robins came, or the lawn he must have crossed, we do not know; but we really cannot agree with Mr. Jones that it is within the bounds of reason to assume that the thief could have done what he is shown as doing, or that he would have risked it. What, on the other hand, Daniel Robins would have done is scarcely to be doubted. He is assured of his brother's regard, and when he came out of prison he would have written begging James, as the butler is called, to meet him somewhere or other. Dramatists are apt to underestimate the value of the element of probability. It is irritating to see something represented in a serious drama which common sense tells us could never have taken place. The manner of the theft is only less improbable than the supposition, on which the plot mainly turns, of Lucy Robins's guilt; and this being so we cannot accept Mr. Jones's new play as a creditable piece of work.

The author is skilful in a later episode—that which shows the means by which the missing bracelet is made to appear in Lucy's possession; and, except that the renewal of the charge is painful, the second act is neatly devised. Lucy will not go in to dinner; she stays by herself in the morning room; her father, who has been looking about, finds his way to her through the French window which opens to the ground; he acknowledges the theft and restores the bracelet. The girl is looking at it when a visitor to the house, Sybil Latimer, who has endeavoured to win Harold for herself, and therefore hates her successful rival Lucy, sees her with the jewel in her hand, watches her place it in her pocket, and is so able to reiterate the charge, and apparently to prove it, when the rest enter the room. All this is natural, and therefore effective; but always, as it seems to us, disagreeable, because the crime of which the heroine is accused is so debasing. A hero,

too, should believe in a heroine's innocence in spite of all appearances; but Harold, seeking to excuse the girl he loves, begs her to acknowledge that she stole the bracelet in a moment of sudden temptation. He certainly should never doubt her. The winding-up of the story is marred by the presence of the guilty father. He was wronged by the elder Fitzralph; but people who have been wronged are not therefore licensed to steal bracelets. We cannot avoid the impression while watching the last scene that it will not be altogether pleasant for Mrs. Fitzralph as she walks about her park to remember that in it her father was apprehended for felony and had a narrow escape from a return to penal servitude. Very much of the success gained by *Heart of Hearts* must be attributed to the exceedingly sweet and ingenuous representation of Lucy Robins by Miss Kate Rorke. A more charming Lucy could not have been found, and we can only wish that the character were more worthy of her. As it is, Lucy's sincerity and artlessness serve to emphasize the preposterous nature of the accusation against her. Mr. Leonard Boyne would be a thoroughly acceptable Harold were it not for the Irish accent which, though curiously intermittent, can seldom be forgotten by the hearer. Mr. Thomas Thorne plays the butler, James Robins, the heroine's uncle, in a more than ordinarily acceptable manner. This comedian's general method is very monotonous. The abrupt, jerky speech and the odd habit of blinking the eyes in which Mr. Thorne indulges are here as usual; but he has a certain apprehension of stage effect, and many of his lines are well given. The sentiment of the part never approaches to pathos, and therefore Mr. Thorne is not overtaxed. An underplot shows how James Robins has married Wilhelmina Fitzralph, the elderly sister of his mistress, a farcical episode which has a serviceable bearing on the main plot, as it enables Robins to exercise over Lady Clarissa an amount of authority which he would not otherwise possess in the demand that the accusation against his niece shall be fully investigated. His revelation of the secret of the marriage makes an amusing scene. Miss Larkin as Wilhelmina is a suitable companion for Mr. Thorne as Robins. Mr. F. Thorne fails to give distinction to the part of the old doctor and friend of the family, who is such a familiar personage on both the French and English stages. Miss Rose Leclercq overdoes the haughtiness of Lady Clarissa. We are nevertheless inclined to fancy that she entirely carries out Mr. Jones's conception. Minor characters are appropriately filled by Mr. Gilbert Farquhar and Miss Florence Warden. We think that it is most likely that *Heart of Hearts* will gratify the very large body of playgoers who accept what is put before them, regardless of probability, and are deficient in the refinement which would make the vulgar accusation against the heroine disagreeable to them.

The new play at the Globe Theatre, *The Arabian Nights*, freely adapted by Mr. Sydney Grundy from Herr von Moser's *Harun Alraschid*, is in truth a somewhat trite and trivial piece of work. It would be well if for a season the comic mother-in-law could be banished from the stage. When it is said that she figures extensively in *The Arabian Nights* the experienced playgoer will at once be able to understand the nature of the story; and if he does not anticipate much that is new he will be very near the mark. A mother-in-law presupposes a son-in-law with entanglements; and it will not be found difficult to fill in the majority of the remaining characters. The existence of an indiscreet husband at once introduces an amiable young wife. Then, again, there must be the object of the husband's indiscretion, and it is almost inevitable that he will have a more or less devoted friend, who may share his confidence, and aid in the concoction of plans of deliverance. Here are the five leading personages who will assuredly be found in association with the mother-in-law of farce, and in *The Arabian Nights* they all once more perform their allotted functions. The fortunes of such a piece must depend in a great measure upon the ingenuity with which the complication are evolved, and here the familiar incidents are treated adroitly enough on the old lines. The husband bears the name of Hummingtop, about which piece of nomenclature it must be remarked that when very eccentric names are given to characters they ought to possess some obvious appositeness. Wandering about the streets of the city, after the fashion of the great Caliph, Hummingtop has "trancedly gazed," not upon a Persian girl, "serene with argent-lidded eyes," and so forth, but upon an English girl, who, however, is known as Rosa Columbiere, and is by profession a gymnast at the circus. The girl ascertains his address from a handkerchief he has tied round her neck, and calls upon him; and it is here that there occurs what little of novelty the story possesses. Hummingtop is expecting the arrival of a niece to whom he has been appointed guardian, and to avoid an unpleasant explanation, he informs his mother-in-law that Rosa is the niece in question. The point of the jest lies in the circumstance that the niece is rich, and the mother-in-law has an impecunious son, who at once designs an attempt to win the heiress's hand. This is neat and to the purpose, particularly as Mr. Penley and Miss Lottie Venne represent Joshua and Rosa. When the inherent drollery and grotesqueness of Mr. Penley's manner are supplemented by a little humour derived from the author, the result is peculiarly amusing. This comedian's range of expression appears, indeed, to be very limited; but he is quaint within his range. Miss Venne seems to enjoy her work, and this is a great recommendation. The actor and actress are very expert representatives of farce, and play cleverly into each other's hands. We do not precisely recognize the type of fast man that Mr. Penley shows; in fact, his Joshua

has about it some suggestion of the young man that Albert Smith wrote about and John Leech drew; but the character is funny in its way. Mr. C. H. Hawtreys Hummingtop is a very well-conceived little study. The actor is so quiet and easy that the skill of the performance is likely to be underrated by those who do not know how much art is necessary to enable an actor to appear natural on the stage. Mr. Hawtreys never forces his points, and therefore they are the more effective when made. When an actor has learnt the value of reticence he has learnt a great deal. His soliloquy in the third act on the relative advantages of deception, on the one hand, and of telling "the simple, honest, manly truth" on the other—the time having come when there is no longer an alternative to the latter course—proves Mr. Hawtreys to be possessed of a vein of genuine humour. We were at first inclined to think that there was a lack of colour in the performance; but the comedian works out his idea consistently, and his reading is judicious. Miss Agnes Miller played the small part of the real niece gracefully. Errors of taste are to be found in the dialogue; but these can be—indeed, perhaps, by this time have been—rectified. On the whole, playgoers who do not know where else to seek amusement may try the Globe with some hope of success. The piece will amuse those who are anxious to be pleased.

#### TWO FUNERAL MARCHES AND A "HERETIC."

A WRITER has undertaken this week to enlighten the readers of a contemporary as to his peculiar views in matters musical, and notably those which regard the two famous funeral marches by Handel and Chopin. His remarks are as wonderful as the fact that a leading newspaper should find space to publish them, even in the "silly season," when the columns of most papers are generally free to any one who desires to lighten his special burden of grievances by bothering others with them. It would appear that recently "Heretic" chanced to be in Brussels, and that whilst he was walking up and down the streets of that capital, he encountered a funeral cortège, apparently of an "officer of the Génie." "Heretic," wishing to see the ceremonial, informs us that he followed the procession to the church of St. Gudule. Here he beheld "priests in vestments heavy with gold, the choir chanting a dirge." "I retired," says he; "for I like our funeral service better than theirs, and almost think it better to lie on a gun-carriage under the Union Jack than to be carried shoulder-high even by comrades who grudge the wreathed hearse its office." All this is a matter of opinion, and, since we are not living in an age in which heretics are burnt for expressing theirs, we will say nothing further on this point; but when "A Heretic" informs us that *their* funeral march, meaning the Belgian, is exquisite, and that it is Chopin's, whilst ours "is the abomination of desolation," and that it is the one from the oratorio of *Saul*, we feel it a solemn duty to protest. In the first place, Chopin's Funeral March is not *theirs*, for it belongs to no nationality in particular, but to the world in general. If, however, it has a special nationality, it is Polish, for Chopin was a Pole who certainly never renounced his country. "The Dead March in *Saul*," on the other hand, is ours, but by adoption, Handel being a Saxon, and doubtless, if the truth were known, his sublime work is as often played in Germany and in music-loving Belgium as the fine March by Chopin. The higher class of musicians, it is true, object to Chopin's March being transcribed for the orchestra, for it was originally composed for the pianoforte only, having been first performed with a full band on the occasion of its illustrious author's own funeral. It is deplorable to read the ignorant observations of "Heretic" which stigmatize Handel's solemn masterpiece as a "dreary thing," and state that "it is easy to leave the Crystal Palace or the Albert Hall after a performance of Handel's displaying an enthusiasm which you believe sincere, but you would have liked *The Golden Legend* far better, and when you get home you would rather hear your daughter sing, 'Oh! for the wings of a dove' than 'Comfort ye,' or even 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'" Now it happens that, to an average audience, *The Golden Legend* is far more wearisome, being written in the "advanced style," and without popular melodies, than any one of Handel's works, which are brimful of tunes to delight a mixed public—and hence, of course, their popularity with the masses. As performances of *The Golden Legend* usually terminate rather late, most people would prefer not having a supplementary amateur performance on reaching home of the tenor air, "Comfort ye my people," sung by a soprano, and might possibly rejoice if the fair and filial vocalist really had the "wings of a dove," and flew away to her cot. "A Heretic" loathes the "Dead March in *Saul*," and further states that the thoughts suggested by it are the "clump" of the hired undertakers; whereas Chopin's March suggests to him, on the other hand, "the feet of the mourners, mourning in human fashion for their bitter loss"! We really hope that in a lucid interval some day or other "Heretic" will once more take up his pen and teach us how "mourners mourn their human losses" with their feet.



## A SPANISH STATESMAN ON THE TEMPORAL POWER.

THE vexed question at issue between Italy and the Papacy has been treated in so many different quarters and from so many different points of view that it would anyhow be interesting to come upon a fresh handling of the subject emanating from an independent source and from a statesman of the rank of Señor Castelar. The Spanish statesman and ex-Premier naturally regards the matter primarily under its political aspect, though not of course as a politician directly concerned in the dispute, but he includes also a notice of its historical bearing, and—if we rightly understand him—claims to speak as a believing Catholic, who respects the spiritual while he demurs to the temporal sovereignty of the Pontiff. And if his method of argument is somewhat academical, and the style is discursive and not exactly what naturally commends itself to an English reader, there is at bottom a sound basis of knowledge and good sense. It would not be easy to say anything really new on a subject which has been so well threshed out during the last twenty years and more, but Señor Castelar has his own way of expounding the present phase of the question and giving his estimate both of the persons and principles immediately involved. No doubt he is right in repudiating at the outset the prevalent but shallow delusion that the influence of religious belief is played out, although he has himself heard a French speaker apologize for using the word altar, "because it savoured of worship," and has seen a physiologist turn pale at the inadvertence which had betrayed him into using in conversation the phrase "God help me." Neither indeed is such an assumption at all required for his argument, seeing that, as he justly observes, the religious influence of the Papacy has increased instead of diminishing since the fall of the temporal power—a result which he says he had himself foreseen and predicted from the first, for he always believed that the separation of the two powers was "compelled by the Gospel of Christ."

One of the most interesting portions of the paper however—because it brings out the writer's special acquaintance with particular personages and incidents of the drama, so to say—is his report of what was needed, and what actually occurred, on the death of Pius IX. A conciliatory Pope was essential, but he might have been "either a lofty and theological character, a kind of St. Francis or Savonarola," or, on the other hand, an astute, intelligent diplomatist. No available specimen apparently of the former type was to be found in the Sacred College. Cardinal Bonaparte was too much of a mystic; De Pietro, though very virtuous, too much of a man of the world. But Cardinal Franchi had already shown himself, as well in his dealings with the Spanish Government, then under Señor Castelar's control, as with other nations, a very superior representative of the conciliatory and statesmanlike tendency, and in electing Pecci, the reigning Pope, the Cardinals voted for a policy substantially identical with Franchi's, but more supple, circumspect, and reserved. Franchi was in fact the new Pope's first Secretary of State, but his death, which was commonly ascribed at Rome to poison, followed soon afterwards. Leo XIII. is described—we are of course simply quoting, not endorsing, the description—as "a finished theologian, a dexterous debater, a maker of Latin verse . . . cold, like the abstractions of Aquinas; a man of corners and angles, like the dialectical dilemma; with a living syllogism for his soul; his body shrivelled and bony; very clever and by no means nervous; quite free from mysticism, which is incompatible with his semi-Aristotelian and so far semi-materialist philosophy." Irreconcilables of all shades called him sly and disingenuous, and Ultramontane books declared that he had the head of Robespierre and the lips of Voltaire, and represented him as at once weak, vain, proud, and cringing. But the true explanation of all these charges and insinuations—so far as there is any ground for them at all—must be sought in the peculiar difficulties of his position, which constrained him to retrace the course of his immediate predecessors, especially the last, as far as possible, without seeming to do so, "to alter politics and dogma without attracting much attention," or appearing to condemn Pius IX. by his reforms. Señor Castelar explains in this way—as we have more than once done ourselves—the Pope's seemingly retrograde utterances from time to time, as designed indirectly to subserve "a higher order," while he emphasizes his curiously diverse attitude towards Protestant Germany, which is built up on a denial of the spiritual power, and Ghibelline Italy, which rejects only the temporal claims of the Papacy. Yet events have proved plainly—and never more plainly than during the Conclaves which followed the death of Pius IX.—that the temporal is no longer necessary or advantageous to the spiritual power of the Papacy. "The temporal power is not essential or even useful to the Pontiff and the Pontificate." It may be questioned indeed if it was not always more prejudicial than favourable in a religious sense, and Señor Castelar thinks he could easily show that the loss of Protestant Europe to the Church "was determined by the workings of the temporal power." There can certainly be no doubt that it had a good deal to do with the matter. It is easy to see, for instance, from such a work as Mr. Creighton's *History of the Papacy during the Reformation Period* how largely "the necessities of practical politics" deafened the ears of Roman authorities to the less obtrusively audible "cries of the Spirit."

It is clear at all events that a frank recognition of the *status quo* and resignation of the old temporal pretensions is an indispensable condition of the spiritual authority of the Papacy in

the future. We see no reason to challenge the accuracy of Señor Castelar's assertion that people find it hard to reconcile the friendly attitude of Leo XIII. towards "heretics of old date like the Germans" with his antagonism to "Catholics of old date like the Italians," or to reject his conviction that the Pope will live in freedom and tranquillity at Rome, loved and respected by all alike, when once he has frankly renounced a sovereignty he can never hope to recover. It is no doubt his misfortune rather than his fault that Leo XIII. is constrained by those about him to keep up the silly fiction of an "imprisonment," though straws from his prison cell are no longer hawked about, as was the case under Pius IX., for the devout veneration of pious ladies in Germany and France. It is indeed doubly his misfortune, for he is thereby cruelly deprived of the summer *villeggiatura* at Castel Gandolfo demanded alike by his health, his personal tastes, and his former habits of life, and which is only barred against him by prison doors studiously locked on the inside. That the undoubted injury to his health and comfort does not—to put it mildly—cause much annoyance to his real gaolers may be not uncharitably surmised. A Pope "with the head of Robespierre and the lips of Voltaire" would presumably be as well out of the way. Meanwhile Señor Castelar is able to enumerate three significant "symptoms"—it would not be difficult to extend the list—of the real mind of his Holiness. In the first place there is a mysterious pamphlet which, though it has been officially disowned—as is customary in such cases—is commonly attributed to "the highest source"—i.e. to papal inspiration—suggesting the restriction of the temporal sovereignty to the Leonine city, with a strip of land leading to Castel Gandolfo and thence to the sea, which indicates a conciliatory temper, though it scarcely offers a practicable solution. Another symptom may be discovered even in the Pope's recent address to the Cardinals, which contains a formal reassertion of the old temporal claims. For it differs conspicuously from former Allocations in containing also the deliberate expression of an earnest desire for reconciliation and friendship with Italy. And last, but not least, there is the very remarkable pamphlet—to which we had ourselves called the attention of our readers some months ago—issued by Father Tosti, the well-known Benedictine monk of Monte Cassino and librarian of the Vatican, who combines in his own person—as Señor Castelar quite rightly observes—"the purest worship of traditional Catholicism with the most living faith in modern progress." Our readers may recollect that this pamphlet urges in no faltering terms an unconditional acceptance of Italian unity and renunciation of the temporal power. There has been, we believe, the usual solemn farce gone through of condemning the pamphlet and extorting from its author—who is in high favour at the Vatican—a retraction or "laudable submission" of some kind or other, as has more than once happened in Father Curci's case, but everybody at Rome understands well enough the true value of these decent formalities, and nobody better than those immediately concerned. The Pope has e.g., if we are not misinformed sent three or four messages this year to the venerable Dr. Dollinger pressing him to make his submission, and is much perplexed at his declining so easy a compliance; to German ecclesiastics the morality of an act of "submission" which has precisely the force of "your obedient servant" at the end of a letter to the *Times* is less obvious than to their Italian brethren. Señor Castelar then is fully justified in reckoning Father Tosti's pamphlet, in spite of censures or disclaimers, as a fresh indication of the eirenic tendencies of papal policy; in his own words "such denials merely serve to mark the fact that thought is already fluttering, though it is not yet full fledged." Nor is he at all shaken in that conviction by the subsequent publication of Rampolla's circular, and of a French pamphlet, highly commended at the Vatican, in support of the Papal monarchy. He considers that the Italian problem will be solved, and the separation of the temporal and spiritual order announced by Christ finally attained, when "the Catholic Pope becomes a power purely religious, and the Government of Italy a power purely civil." He does not add, what, however, no statesman can fail to be aware of, that a satisfactory adjustment of the rival claims of the temporal and spiritual powers hinges, in Italy as elsewhere, much more on questions of practical detail than of abstract principle. But with this necessary reservation his conclusion may be accepted as a reasonable one, and likely sooner or later to be realized in fact.

## THE WITCH.

MR. CHARLES MARSHAM RAE has unquestionably done service to dramatic literature by giving to the London stage a remarkable play, *The Witch*, now being played at the St. James's Theatre. It met originally with much success in Germany under the title of *Die Hexe*. The scene is laid during the Thirty Years' War. The plot follows the misfortunes of a noble lady named Thalea. Accused of witchcraft because she devotes her leisure to learning, she loves, but is not loved in return by, her affianced husband, the worthy knight Sir Rupert. There was, indeed, a time, before that youth went to the wars, when he had found agreeable companionship with the Lady Thalea; but when he discovers that she has learnt by heart the works of Tycho Brahe, Paracelsus, and Galileo, not to mention

those of Kepler, and is an admirer of the unorthodox Giordano Bruno, his love freezes within him, and he forthwith secretly woos her sister, the Lady Alma, who is a direct contrast to the pedantic Thalea, being a gushing girl who likes flowers and lambs and pretty things in general. In due time Thalea discovers that Alma reciprocates Rupert's love, and does not bless her for it. Still when she stands upon the threshold of the church, whither the unwilling Rupert is conducting her to the altar as a bride, she relents, and, obeying an impulse of almost incredible generosity, denounces herself to the assembled crowd as a witch. The populace, being superstitious and bigoted, forthwith slays her. This melodrama is admirably constructed—on rather old-fashioned lines, it is true, but still one sees throughout a master-hand. There may be weak places here and there, but all is carried out with skilful precision, and Mr. Rae has done his work of translator in a scholarly manner. It would have been better had he chosen a less antiquated and pseudo-medieval style of dialogue. A modern audience seems scarcely capable of taking much interest in personages who constantly use Biblical forms of speech and address each other as *thee* and *thou*. The third act deserves commendation, for it is a remarkable example of masterly construction. It opens with a pretty picture of the sisters surrounded by their women preparing for the forthcoming wedding. Then the peasants and children come in to offer the bride their simple gifts of fruit and flowers. Presently she is invited to join in the polonaise which is being danced in the hall below. Soon Thalea returns and finds Alma in an attitude of such despair, clutching at her bridal veil, that the truth is at once revealed to her. At first she is indignant; then suppliantly beseeches her sister to restore to her the affections of the one love of her life; but, since her tears produce little or no effect, she becomes furious, and heaps curses on the head of the weeping girl. It is curious to note how many scenes of this description are to be found in German dramatic literature written since Schiller's *Marie Stuart*.

On the whole, *The Witch* is a scholarly play, and deserves success. Miss Sophie Eyre undertakes the part of Thalea, and gives numerous proofs therein of great dramatic talent. She looks eminently picturesque, and at times, especially in the third act, rises to tragic dignity. Mrs. C. Marsham Rae, as Alma, makes an admirable contrast to the stately Thalea. Mr. Henry Neville makes a romantic Sir Rupert. The rest of the cast has very little to do, excepting Mr. Forbes Dawson, who is excellent as a superstitious but faithful soldier. There is one other personage, however, whom we must not leave unnoticed—Mrs. Huntley—who has a very small part to play, that of a bigoted old peasant woman, who hounds on the populace to destroy "The Witch," but she acts like a sincere artist, throwing her whole heart into the work, and doing it with a most praiseworthy care and finish.

#### THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

AS last Saturday was the day appointed for the funeral of Sir George Macfarren, the usual afternoon concert was preceded by Handel's "Dead March in *Saul*." After this came the real preface to the programme, a concert overture in B minor, *Land of the Mountain and the Flood*, a novelty at these concerts, and one which was looked forward to with some interest. The author, Mr. H. MacCunn, late scholar of the Royal College of Music, is a young Scotchman, and a composer of originality and fervour. Scotland has done well lately in the way of music in giving us more than one musician who is not a parrot. The writer of the present overture promises to be able to produce something new of his own without violating too outrageously the sensibilities of those who are fond of the art of the past. His overture, in spite of certain blemishes, is as directly inspired and as full of invention and originality as any native work we have heard for a long time. It opens by a quaint and strangely-broken theme, passes by several easy transitions naturally welded together, and takes us straight into a second subject of marked and swinging rhythm. This first section is throughout as admirable in its curious and agreeable instrumentation as in its quaint and original vein of melody. The horn passage which brings in the repeat is effective, and throughout the entire section the composer shows an artistic conciseness, avoiding the heavy and dull, and abounding in tunefulness. We thought that he manifested less taste in the development of his themes; especially in the orchestration, which is at times noisy, and even poor in tone, owing to the excessive prominence of the cymbals. It is impossible, however, to deny the feeling for romantic effect displayed in even the worst parts, or to mistake the fervour and spontaneity of a work which is only occasionally clouded over by an abuse of queerness and oddity. From the moment of the recapitulation the music, in becoming more passionate, became more effective and less petulant and curious. The overture is Scotch in feeling, not only because its spirit is allied to the Scotch spirit and its picturesqueness suitable to the character of northern scenery, but because one can trace a flavour of Scotch music in the actual melodies of its subjects.

Both the soloists were new to these concerts; indeed the violinist, Mr. César Thomson, Professor at the Conservatoire at Liège, has never before played in England, so that the attraction of novelty cannot have been wanting to the programme. Yet but a scanty audience came together, although the Symphony number, the backbone of the concert, also possessed some drawing power

in Mendelssohn's favourite *Italian Symphony*. Mr. Thomson, by changing Max Bruch's Violin Concerto (No. 2), which he was to have played, for Beethoven's, still further improved the quality of the programme. The orchestra led off with delicacy and dignity, and indeed played throughout to perfection. As for the soloist, it must be conceded by every one who heard him that he is a player of quite exceptional force and elasticity. His technique is utterly unimpeachable, yet it does not follow that his reading of such favourite music quite satisfied every one. No one is likely to forget the effect which certain great artists have produced in this Concerto, and some are too much wedded to one or other of their interpretations to enjoy anything different. Mr. Thomson phrased excellently; in the first movement he was wonderfully firm and clear. Thoroughly intellectual and dignified in his reading, he made no unnecessarily gymnastic display, but his performance was scarcely a melting one. Quite in contrast was his treatment of the "Larghetto," of which he gave a rendering at once charged with passion and sweetness. To some he may have appeared to lack the breadth and solemnity of Herr Joachim in this movement; to those who enjoyed its pathos the first movement probably appeared somewhat cold and serious. To many, again, he can hardly have seemed to obtain the full expression of the final "Rondo." It enters with almost pompous *brío* and vigour when played by Herr Joachim; it is piquant and dainty in the hands of Señor Sarasate. Mr. Thomson's reading is quiet and delicate, not to say tame, and rather tender than spirited. In the cadences his admirable technique and the perfect clearness and intelligence of his phrasing came out to excellent advantage, as indeed they did in the solo for violin—*Fantasia*, "Non più mesta" (Paganini)—which he played afterwards. All sorts of impossibilities have to be done here, all sorts of agilities in harmonics, and all this he did in a way to endear him to violinists; whilst he brought the ordinary lover of music to despair by gymnastics of the most never-ending wearisomeness. Mrs. Belle Cole made her first appearance at these concerts in "Or là, sull' onda," an aria by Mercadante. She is gifted with a splendid voice, and it is worth her while that she should improve her taste in art. At present her phrasing lacks refinement, and she finished her song in a way only suitable to Promenade Concerts, where you must remind people who are making a noise that you have made an end and are ready for their applause. Though still rather coarse in her idea of effect, she succeeded better in the "Adieu," by Weyrauch, once attributed to Schubert. Such a voice as this lady has the good fortune to possess would be invaluable in music of a dramatic character, and it is to be hoped that she will not allow her easy success to persuade her from further efforts to do justice to her gifts.

Mendelssohn's Symphonies are almost a speciality at the Crystal Palace. The "Allegro vivace" of the *Italian* was given with rapidity, combined with spirit and clearness; the "Andante" and "Con moto moderato" seemed the perfection of grace and tenderness, while the breathless "Salterello" spun on with giddy steadiness till it wound up in the mad, whirling fury of the "Tarantella" measure. The concert was concluded by Dvorák's strangely picturesque *Scherzo capriccioso* for orchestra. It certainly abounds in curious and beautiful effects; this is not the place, however, to decide whether certain others approach to an abuse of the sensitiveness of the ear or are merely necessary contrasts to so much that is lively.

#### AMERICAN AND INDIAN WHEAT.

THE rapid growth of the Indian wheat export trade has naturally attracted much attention in the United States. Americans a little while ago believed that they had complete command of the wheat markets of Western Europe. Speculators in consequence every year attempted to get up "corners" in Chicago and San Francisco, in the belief that they could fix the price in Liverpool; but they were defeated by the growth of the Indian trade. Naturally, therefore, much interest is excited as to the ability of India to push that competition much farther; and a New York commercial and financial journal has made a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of the subject. The ability of any country to compete depends, firstly, upon the cost of producing the wheat, and, secondly, on the cost of sending it to market. How very important is the latter item we see from the example of India. Until the Suez Canal was opened there was no wheat export trade from India, and even then, until railways were pushed into the wheat-growing districts, the trade was quite unimportant. But, as the wheat-growing districts are opened up by means of railways, the trade steadily grows. It is to this branch of the question—the cost of carriage from the Western States to Europe—that our New York contemporary directs attention. He finds that since the period 1870-73 the cost of carriage from Chicago to New York has fallen by lake and canal about 18 cents per bushel; where the wheat is sent partly by water and partly by rail the fall is a little under 23 cents per bushel; and when it is sent all the way by rail the fall is as much as 30 cents per bushel. About 60 per cent. of all the wheat sent from the West to the Atlantic ports comes by rail, and consequently it follows that the reduction in the cost of carriage from Chicago to New York averages about 26 cents per bushel, or about thirteenth of our money. This great reduction is due mainly to that multiplication of railways which has brought about so many wars



of rates, and, therefore, compelled the competing lines to lower their charges more and more. At the same time the keen competition thus excited has compelled each railway manager to adopt every possible economy in working the lines, and thus has enabled the several lines to earn a profit, while constantly lowering their charges. Furthermore, the building of great elevators and the other improvements introduced into the wheat trade are estimated by our New York contemporary to have led to a reduction of charges of about 3 cents per bushel. And lastly, freights from New York to Liverpool have fallen about 8 cents per bushel. There is thus in the interval of, say, fourteen years, a total average reduction in the cost of carriage from Chicago to Liverpool of about 37 cents, or about eightpence-halfpenny per bushel. Mr. Edward Atkinson of Boston, whose remarks at the recent meeting of the British Association have led to the inquiry, points out that a large proportion of the wheat of the United States is grown 500 miles or more west of Chicago, and that the reduction of the cost of carriage for those 500 miles is even greater than the reduction between Chicago and New York, the distance in the latter case being just short of a thousand miles. The reduction on the whole 1,500 miles is, therefore, considerably more than the 37 cents to which we have just been referring. But the fall in the price of wheat during the fourteen years has amounted to about 50 cents per bushel. There is thus a considerable margin yet to be accounted for. Mr. Atkinson would seem to believe that the improvements in the methods of cultivating and saving wheat account for the difference; but *Bradstreet's*, the journal to which we have been referring, while admitting that improved means of production probably account for a good deal of the fall in the North-West, or spring, wheat districts, still holds that in the old States, the States, that is, which grow 41 per cent. of the wheat produced in the Union, very little reduction has been effected in the cost of production. In any event, we get this remarkable fact, that during the past fourteen years the cost of carrying wheat from Chicago to Liverpool has been reduced eightpence-halfpenny per bushel, and that from the centre of the North-West the reduction is very much greater.

The result of what we have just been summarizing is that, roughly speaking, about four-fifths of the fall in the price of wheat during the past fourteen years has been saved to the American farmer by the reduction during the same time in the cost of carriage. With regard to the other one-fifth we are wholly in the dark. *Bradstreet's*, as pointed out above, admits that the adoption of labour-saving machinery and farming on a great scale have enabled the wheat producers of the North-West to effect a very great reduction in the cost of production; but in the older States, where small farms with diversified crops prevail, it does not believe that any material reduction has been made in the cost of production. Meanwhile, Mr. Edward Atkinson in a letter to *Bradstreet's* informs us that he is engaged in a careful investigation of the whole subject, and we hope that he may be able to throw some light upon this part of it. Until we have the result of his inquiries before us we must content ourselves with the fact that, in reply to inquiries made by *Bradstreet's* over large areas of country, three-fifths of the answers report the general financial condition of the wheat farmer to be less good than it was five years ago, and that he is unable to grow wheat to any extent at a profit at the prices likely to rule. There are numerous reports, too, of decreasing wheat acreage; of farmers going into stock-raising, clover, grass, corn, and the like. But, on the other hand, two-fifths of the replies are favourable. The general upshot of the whole, therefore, seems to be that wheat-growing in the North-West is as profitable as ever; that, consequently, the North-West is becoming the great wheat-growing region of the United States, and that even at the present low prices it is able to produce at a good profit to itself. If this be so, the United States are able to continue the competition with India and to maintain their supremacy over Russia; while the probability does not appear great that any very considerable rise in the price of wheat can be established. In any particular year when the crop in the North-West is short, the price may rise considerably; but on an average of years the price does not seem likely to be very much higher than at present. Another inference from the figures cited above is that the fall in the price of wheat is entirely beneficial. It is due mainly to the fact that the cost of carrying wheat from the great regions where it is produced to the consumers of Western Europe has been falling steadily year by year, and the fall has not seriously injured the carriers. It is quite true, of course, that the shipping trade more particularly has been very depressed of late years, and that freights have been unduly low, because of excessive shipbuilding in the few years following 1879. With this exception, however, the reduction in the cost of carriage has not inflicted any real loss upon carriers. The great trunk lines, such as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, have steadily paid good dividends until a few years past, and the prospect is that the reduction in dividends was temporary, the Companies apparently having every probability of recovering most of their old prosperity. Farmers have not suffered; at least they have only suffered a small part of the fall in price in the States where farms are small and diversified crops are common; while, where the farms are large enough to admit the adoption of labour-saving machinery, there has been no loss. On the other hand, the consumers have reaped the whole benefit of the fall that has occurred.

It may be replied, indeed, that we are confounding effect with cause; that, as all prices have fallen, the price of railway ser-

vices must necessarily have fallen too. But we do not think that this argument will hold. The price of wheat has fallen in the United States because wheat is grown there very largely for export. In other words, the price in Liverpool governs the price in New York and Chicago. But railway charges are governed, not by the conditions existing in the United Kingdom, but by the conditions existing in the United States; and the fact is that the currency of the United States has increased enormously since 1873. In 1876 the American Government began to hoard all the gold raised at home. In 1879 specie payments were resumed. And since then almost all the gold raised in America has been retained there and coined, with the exception, of course, of the small part used up in the arts. A very large amount of gold, too, has been imported from Europe. And, in addition to all this, there has been a coinage of silver for years past of nearly 5 millions sterling every year. If the silver itself has not largely passed into circulation, the certificates representing it have. There has thus been an enormous increase in the currency of the United States, and consequently the currency conditions of the rest of the world have there been reversed. Prices in the United States, in fact, are inflated owing to this enormous supply of money. It cannot, therefore, be because of the greater purchasing power of gold that railway charges have fallen. It is due simply, as we have said above, to the keen competition between railways, and between railways and water carriers, and to improvements in machinery. The United States' laws permit almost anybody to construct a railway, and consequently competing railways have been built in a reckless way, very often cutting down rates to a point at which they no longer pay. That cutting, of course, has been temporary, and at present the rates charged are fairly remunerative, the result being that the American farmers are enabled to go on competing with the wheat growers of the rest of the world. Indeed, when a large crop has been produced, as in 1886, the American growers have been able to beat all their competitors. With regard to India, Americans seem to be labouring under a grave misapprehension. Mr. Atkinson distinctly states that India cannot supply the English market under 34s. a quarter; but India has, as a matter of fact, supplied this market at 30s. a quarter and even lower, and there is no reason to believe that she could not compete actively with the United States at 29s. a quarter for years to come. The truth is that the Indian export trade in wheat is still in its infancy. The charges of the Indian railways are high and ought to be reduced; many of the best wheat districts have not yet been opened up by means of railways, and the modes of cultivation are very deficient. There is much need of instruction on the part of the ryots, and there is especially need of greater cleanliness in the packing of the wheat. If the wheat exporters or the Government would take some trouble to teach the ryots how to pack, and if, at the same time, the railway charges were somewhat reduced, there can be little doubt that India could sell wheat in England very much lower than she does at present; for the dirty condition in which wheat is now packed adds considerably to the cost, inasmuch as it has to be unpacked and cleaned again.

#### QUACK MEDICINES.

VI.

ROOKE'S "ANTI-LANCET," SOLAR ELIXIR, AND ORIENTAL PILLS.

DR. CHARLES ROOKE is the author of the *Anti-Lancet*, a book containing a hundred and sixty pages and an appendix, and there are many curious things to be found in it. We learn, for instance, that Dr. Charles Rooke is prepared to see patients or to write to them for the usual professional fee of a guinea. We read that this is the Doctor's jubilee year, and that, owing to his frequent absences from home, he has been compelled to engage Dr. W. F. Rooke, who will be prepared to render advice either personally or by letter. Dr. Rooke tells us that his medicines are proprietary and prepared by himself only, and that they were discovered after much protracted hard study in the year 1836. After the year 1836 the Doctor attended "one of the best medical colleges and hospitals in London, and graduated in the most respectable University in Europe." This is indeed a handsome testimonial for the University of Giessen, for it was here that the Doctor's graduation took place, eight years after the great discovery. We are next favoured with the somewhat sweeping assertion that "all the medical systems promulgated in this country are entirely false." Dr. Rooke possibly ought to know; for, says he, "As far as my age extends, I have perhaps read as much in medical literature as any living man." Dr. Rooke then proceeds to launch the tremendous theory that debility is the cause and consequence of every disease and of death. A good deal of space is devoted to the endeavour to prove this theory. We next read that the discovery of the "Oriental Pills and Solar Elixir" was the result of many long years of laborious application to the study of vegetable chemistry, that the pills were "named from their being composed of some of the choicest gums and balsams of the Eastern regions." The writer goes on to state that his pills are aperient and alterative, and also purifying, and that he has with much study and close attention brought them to such a state of perfection that it is impossible for them to be taken in any case of disease—either acute or of long standing, and by whatever symptoms it may be attended—without the patient being benefited by them. "Sometimes," we are told, "the

change produced by only one dose is so great as to excite astonishment." Very possibly there may be some who would not quarrel with this assertion.

The "Solar Elixir," says Dr. Rooke, "is prepared by a tedious and difficult chemical process from the celebrated Indian herb Chirayita." This sets us thinking of the alchemists of old and the searchers after the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone. What if the "Solar Elixir" should be the Elixir Vitæ after all? The discoverer then goes *seriatim* through a list of all the ills that flesh is heir to. When we come to the subject of flatulence we are informed that the results of this disorder are usually put down by ordinary medical men to disease of the heart. "I do not wish the reader," says Dr. Rooke, "to understand that there are no such complaints as diseases of the heart; but I distinctly aver that that organ is not organically affected in one instance out of every thousand where it is so alleged." This is, at all events, a very comforting fact. On p. 33 we read that "persons suffering from flatulence must avoid the lancet"; and then we come, on p. 36, to cases and cures extracted from the medical case-book of the author. The cases begin in 1845, and the author finds "all the patients except two are still living." This is probably a unique professional experience. And then we get a copy of verses written by the Poet Close, "on the spur of the moment," when he received a portrait of the author of the *Anti-Lancet*. Among many other complimentary things, Poet Close says:—

Words fail to tell of all the worth  
Of Dr. Rooke so clever;  
But in our hearts 'tis written there,  
Engraven deep for ever.

Then follow two testimonials from James Sheridan Knowles, a specimen of his handwriting, and his portrait. A great deal of space is devoted to pulmonary consumption. The following passage is worth quoting:—"Such means are combined in Dr. Rooke's 'Solar Elixir,' which, as before observed, is composed of some of the richest balsams in the world. In pulmonary disease this noble medicine enriches the whole mass of blood and gives it a due degree of velocity; it increases the vibrations and elasticity of the vascular system, by which a revulsion is made from the lungs. It liquefies and balmifies the mass of fluid which is continually passing through the lungs, and impels it with a greater impulse against the obstructed vessels, whereby the obstructions are forced open, the offending matter removed by expectoration, and the ulcers healed by the healthy blood which flows freely thereto." To do Dr. Rooke justice, he is content to use the ordinary pharmacopœian preparations, and he is even liberal enough to prescribe another nostrum called "Crosby's Balsamic Cough Elixir," and he advertises it on the outside cover of his book, and presents its inventor with a flattering testimonial.

Next we are given detailed instructions and cautions against counterfeits. Each bottle is enclosed in a white wrapper, on which is a picture of the balsam-merchants of the far East, and the sun which shines upon the balsam-merchants is labelled with the words "Rooke's Solar Elixir." On the glass of each bottle is affixed a label with a coat-of-arms, three rooks, and three blazing suns, and the punning motto "Efflorescent cornices dum micat sol." And then the Doctor treats us to a view of Belle Vue Cottage, Scarborough, "the residence of Charles Rooke, M.D.," and his autograph in facsimile. Anyhow, Belle Vue Cottage is an extremely comfortable-looking place. Perhaps, too, it was here that the wonderful discovery was made fifty-one years ago.

Lastly, we learn that the "Solar Elixir" is put up in deal boxes, each box containing twelve bottles, at 11s. each, for the sum of five guineas; and that there are other boxes, containing eleven bottles of the "Elixir" and two large boxes of the "Oriental Pills," to be had for the same money. It is pointed out that a wholesale deal of this kind saves the purchaser 11. 7s. But to save the 11. 7s. he has to take, or at any rate to buy, twelve bottles of the "Elixir."

#### EXHIBITIONS.

WORKS of large size naturally find no place in so small a gallery as the Dudley, and not many of the exhibits are large in manner. The result is that the first glance at the walls is not particularly pleasing. One discovers a lack of force, breadth, and tranquillity before one has had time to observe in detachment several pictures of high artistic merit and a good many others of conscientious workmanship. As is usual in small galleries, we find more landscape than figure, and of the latter scarcely anything that is remarkable in any way, if we except Mr. L. Doucet's cleverly-painted portrait "Une Parisienne" (27). The construction of the head, in spite of a doubtful passage of modelling in the forehead, is most careful, and characteristic of the type of dark woman, with full lips slightly accentuated by an almost imperceptible down. The complexion of the face, seen in part through a veil, has been hit off to a nicety; and as regards handling and quality of surface the picture can defy criticism. Miss Dorothy Tennant sends "Nymph and Cupids" (135\*\*), one of her tiny little pictures, conceived in the same vein of colour as some of Henner's large canvases. In going through the landscape we soon come to Mr. C. H. Macartney's fresh and delicate "Wet Sands" (10), in which a row of waves directly facing the spectator are arranged without stiffness across a long-shaped canvas.

Mr. W. Logsdail's thorough work in "The Pyramids of Gizeh" (22) and "The Sphinx at Sunrise" (32) next arrests one's attention. Every one has seen innumerable representations of the Sphinx, in all kinds of lights and subjected to all kinds of treatment, some of them grand enough; but this picture, without being romantic or impressive at first sight, ends by convincing you that you are looking at an absolutely real aspect of the monument. You must look long and carefully, as the picture is not one suited to an exhibition. Indeed, it is a question whether the solution, however perfect, of such a problem belongs to the province of picture-making; whether, in fact, the distinction of all these close values of orange, due at once to local colour and the action of light, is not gained at a loss of decorative contrast and emotional effect. Mr. Rupert Stevens, the breadth of whose water-colour style we have commented upon before now, paints in oils with a force, richness, and solidity not often seen in the work of water-colour men. His dark forest interior, "Belgian Beech Woods" (65), possesses the sober dignity of good natural colour, and its broad tranquillity refreshes the eye. Mr. C. Rummelhoff's "Moonlight" (99), a rich and agreeable scheme of colour, though hardly original, shows admirable taste, not only in itself, but in its frame, which suits the handling, and enters into the scheme of the colour. Best among a few artistic sketches are the following:—Mr. A. G. Bell's lovely arrangement in grey and silvery greens, "Cleave Lock" (93); Mr. J. Gray's suggestively painted waterfall (111\*); and Mr. Arland Ussher's lively note of loose tumbling sea, "Rough Weather" (23). Mr. Byron Cooper, a new member, sends "A Surrey Landscape" (108), the most remarkable amongst several works by himself and others which are promising in their conscientious carefulness and sobriety of manner.

In the Nineteenth Century Exhibition, as in the Dudley, we can point to several works of artistic merit. Some view of truth, if perhaps not a wide one, is more easily attained than style, and truth is a part of art, though not all of it, as some people would be inclined to assert. We may, therefore, mention with a kind of approval one or two pictures whose merit consists in the realization of a certain unpleasantly cold and bleached aspect of sunlight. Mr. Trevor Haddon's "Autumn Afternoon" (46), Mr. F. Dickinson's "Sunny Sussex" (115), Mr. W. H. Thompson's "Old Norman Church" (182), and Mr. J. G. Woods's "Mill in Surrey" (101), render such an effect with varying amounts of taste and art. None of these gentlemen displays any consideration for beauty, or more than a very slight perception of other truths of nature, such as air, softness, and mystery. Mr. Haddon's work is, perhaps, the strongest of this stiff sort of realism, with which, by the way, we may class Mr. W. D. McLean's hard and dry "Street View, Montmartre, Paris" (141). From these somewhat bald and narrow views of truth we may turn with pleasure to work informed with a deeper feeling for beauty of treatment and for the more poetical aspects of nature. Mr. Frank Hind's "After the Fog, Venice" (208), unites accomplishment to fine observation. The distance is deep, luminous, and vaporous; this is the best part of the picture, as it might be objected to the water in the foreground that it is slightly spotty and mottled. If Mr. Vincent Yglesias seems vague and out of his depth in the treatment of his large fancy picture, "The Guardian Spirit of Undine" (192), he makes up for it by the strength, solidity, and large truthfulness of his "Moonlight" (118) and of his "Past Work" (107). Mr. G. Jarvis sends a pleasantly mellow rendering of a stream flowing under woods (16); Mr. J. Olsson a poetical treatment of a curious effect, "March Twilight" (177)—in which perhaps the brown sails are a little too dark—and Mr. P. Walker an excellent evening view, "The Thames at Battersea" (34), a work without any nonsense, and to whose roughness only the over-fastidious can take exception. Mr. Edgar Wills has left off playing on the same range of colour with snow and dark cattle, and gives us a couple of broad, aerial sketches, "Building the Haystack" (78), and "Tide Coming in over the Rocks" (212). Finally, Mr. G. E. Corner is represented by an atmospherically painted group of trees, "Early Autumn" (110), Mr. Norbury by a vivacious sketch in low tone, "Millpond at St. Asaph" (84), and Mr. J. E. Stuart by a pleasant silvery little picture, "Hastings Smacks Becalmed" (123). The water-colours have improved this year. In "His Daily Toil" (232) Miss K. Macaulay has managed to convey more of the suppleness of water, more feeling of air, and truer local colour than formerly, without losing for that the point of her firm drawing or the logicity of her convention. Good work comes from Messrs. R. H. Nibbs, Falkland Lucy, E. A. Norbury, and one or two more. The walls are pleasantly diversified by a chalk drawing from Mr. E. Anderson and etchings and mezzotints from Mr. E. Slocombe.

The Hanover Gallery usually contains some excellent foreign pictures by both living and dead artists. It has now opened once more with a new supply, in which some examples of the earlier Romantic painters of this century are to be found. Of these Daubigny is the most characteristically represented. "Landscape" (52), though by no means a big canvas, shows him in his most noble and serious vein of colour and at his largest and broadest manner of handling. The Corot, "On the Borders of the Lake" (54), is a good enough example of the master. It is charmingly poetic, with its serene and lovely sky and its dark silver foliage; but it is not in any way uncommon. The "Girl with Dog" (42) of Diaz illustrates his usual happiness in decorative colour; and "Sheep" (58) is quite an ordinary Jacque.



"The Tomb" (49), by Isabey, painted with a free and liquid touch in this pigment, somewhat recalls this master's well-known manner of painting in water-colour. Indeed, it has the look of a water-colour painted on panel, and subjected to a coat of heavy varnish. Not the least interesting in the exhibition are one or two pictures the work of a later, though by no means the latest, development of French landscape art. F. Ortman, J. E. Renié, and L. Pelouse derive from the great school, especially the two first mentioned. Pelouse stands as it were between 1830 and to-day. He is one of the first of the moderns, and the master of many already distinguished painters. There is nothing of the pastiche about any of these men's works. The pictures of the first two only resemble a Rousseau or a Diaz because they have been made actually under the strong breath of the Romantic inspiration. F. Ortman lived and died in Fontainebleau, the cradle of so much of the Romantic art. His noble and superb canvas, "A Lonely Spot" (83), represents a scene in the famous forest. Renié, in "Forest of Fontainebleau" (72), gets the qualities of truth and beauty of a real Diaz without pushing the rich manner towards exaggeration or insincerity. Pelouse's "Fishing Village" (85) may not show so much poetry as the other pictures, at least of a recognized sort, but it is original by its style, and its handling displays some of its author's cleverness—a cleverness which is almost without parallel in modern landscape art. Many are the commercial painters who have imitated Pelouse's astonishing power of suggesting a multiplicity of forms with elegant breadth and a consistent and beautiful pattern of style. They do it coldly, however, for the sake of the neat mechanism, and not under the impulse of wishing to suggest detail which it would be harmful to elaborate and weak to leave altogether unnoticed. "Millet's House at Barbizon" (37) may be spoken of in this connexion. It is a painting by J. F. Millet (fils) entirely in the style of his father. The painter attains to very pleasant colour and a sort of sober dignity of method, but he cannot reach the older man's truth of gesture and sublimity of *mise-en-scène*. Ziem's powerful and glowing *ébauche*, "The Mosque" (117), Emile Breton's dark, heavy moonlight with snow (89), and De Bock's "Landscape" (39) belong to the same class of work, half Romantic and half modern. In contrast to these pictures, all more or less broad, stands the work of P. Robinet, one of the few Frenchmen of the century who have attempted detailed and photographic landscape. The example of painters of larger view has been of good service to him, however, and we have rarely seen the large masses of effect thus tolerably preserved in a work so highly elaborated in detail and so devoid of style and emotion as his "Kindismond" (97). Amongst the figure-pictures, the usual Benjamin Constant may be noticed, as also a clever water-colour, "Punch" (45), by Meissonier, a charming ensemble of warmly-tinged whites called "The Violinist" (99), by Alfred Stevens, "Saint Cecilia" (103), by Paul Delaroche, and one or two fair-sized canvases by Berne-Bellecour.

Mr. Ernest George's collection of water-colours at the Fine Art Society's galleries is somewhat confusing and annoying to the eye. Thirty or forty of the best might have been chosen, and one could have enjoyed the exhibition. As it is, three hundred sketches, consisting almost entirely of architectural subjects from Rome, Venice, Rouen, London, &c., form an array almost impossible to face. Occasionally, very rarely, Mr. George paints in a fresh realistic key of grey colour. Generally speaking, his work is conceived in an elegant, but nevertheless hot and arbitrary, scale. This adds to the unhappy effect of his collection; and the close arrangement of the pictures, and their similarity of size and framing, contribute to the character of the result. Every one must regret that interesting work is thus stifled, and it is to be hoped that some people will take the trouble to look at the good drawing and pleasant conventional manner of such sketches as "Verona—Piazza del Signori" (46), "Como" (64), "Varenna" (65), and "Bruges" (202).

Mr. Dunthorne has on view some examples of the late R. Caldecott's illustrations to books, paintings, and modellings in clay—belonging, we believe, to the family. The original drawings of "The House that Jack Built" and a burlesque in clay of the Tichborne trial will be found the most amusing. Oil-paintings like "The Three Ravens," while they show that Caldecott had not practised much in the medium, betray the real artist in their composition and idea, and lead one to think that, had he lived, he would have achieved success in this branch of art also. Plaques in low relief of hunting and other scenes, and especially one called "Feeding Calves," show that his gift of taste extended to almost any medium. Mr. Dunthorne exhibits, moreover, an excellent mezzotint by Mr. F. Short, after Mr. Alfred Parsons's "In a Cider Country." Mezzotint is an atrocious medium when used without subtlety or conscientiousness, as it too often was some years ago. It can mask a multitude of faults in a general muzziness very different from the atmospheric mystery of nature. On this occasion, however, Mr. Short has used his art with conscience and skill, and has succeeded particularly well in rendering the soft tracery of the intertwining branches in the picture. Here, also, may be seen Mr. R. W. Macbeth's etching after his own Academy canvas, "The Fen Lode." We can only say that he has improved his picture; that most of its faults disappear, and that most of its undeniable beauties remain.

## THE ETHICS OF COLLEY-FINDING.

IT appears not to be generally known that he who finds a chattel of which he has good reason to believe that the owner can be found, and appropriates it notwithstanding, is guilty of larceny, and that for this purpose a colley dog is a chattel by statute. Every intelligent person has made himself familiar with the strange case of "C." and Mr. Hammond. Mr. Hammond lost his colley, and Mr. Hammond, junior, is "sobbing his heart out" at the loss, which shows highly creditable feeling on that young man's part. Then the feelings of the Messieurs Hammond were horribly exacerbated by reading "C.'s" account of how a kind hansom-cabman saw a lost colley in the street, and let it take his cab, and after picking up "C." and driving him home announced his intention of taking the colley to his own residence, and not, as the law required him to do, to Scotland Yard. Therefore it appears that the cabman and "C." who "worry much applauded what he'd done," and called upon the public, including the Messieurs Hammond, to be equally appreciative, were ignorant of the wise and good provision of the law indicated above.

One cabman does not make a generalization, but it happens to be in our power to cap this affecting story with another, more surprising, and equally true. A person who belonged to a colley lost that colley a day or two ago. As it was not the first time such a thing had occurred, he reflected with satisfaction that it bore his name and address on its collar, and his heart, though it is one of great sensibility, especially where the colley is concerned, was not ejected from its normal surroundings. Anon he received a letter informing him that his colley was found, and should be returned to him if he sent for it by ten o'clock on the evening of the next day; but "otherwise," said the finder, "I shall consider that you don't want it, and in that case I should be pleased to keep it myself, as I have taken rather a fancy to him; so kindly let me know, *per return*, if you require him back or not." This charming communication showed almost as much taste in colleys as ignorance of law. Readers are at liberty to finish the story as they please.

## MASKELYNE AND COOKE.

IN "Arcana; or, Original Research," which now holds the principal place in the Egyptian Hall entertainment, Mr. Maskelyne has made a successful addition to his long list of ingenious mechanical illusions. The conception is not absolutely new, and has perhaps been inspired by M. Buatier de Kolta's remarkable feat with "Le Cocon"; but the tricks are worked out cleverly, and with a fine mechanical finish. To the student of what, for lack of a more expressive phrase, may be called mechanical conjuring, the problems presented in "Arcana" are perhaps not insoluble; but they are thoroughly well invented, and are developed with Mr. Maskelyne's accustomed skill. There is, of course, the usual framework of a pleasant little comediotta, which serves the two useful purposes of amusing the audience and distracting their attention. Mynheer Van Zanymann is an Anglicized Dutchman, who has gone mad upon magnetism, and believes that he has discovered an infallible method of bringing the dead to life. He is in despair because he cannot obtain a "subject" upon which to experiment, although he has offered a heavy reward for the loan of a dead body. But his advertisement is seen by Philip Drew, his daughter's lover, whom he has banished because he would not allow himself to be slain by an electric shock in the interests of science. Philip concocts a plot to obtain the old gentleman's consent to the match, and a tailor's dummy is palmed off upon the enthusiast as the mortal remains of the unlucky victim of a boating accident. The "body" is carefully covered up and placed in a perpendicular position, supported by a backboard, upon a kind of stool in the middle of the stage. A piece of flexible tubing connects the "subject" with the wonderful machine which is to electrify it into life. The machine—which apparently consists merely of a wheel and a handle, in the fashion of a grindstone—is set to work; the covering of the dummy is torn away, and out steps Mr. Maskelyne in the character of Mephisto, appropriately habited in electric-blue velvet. As the condition of his not being hurried away to the doom of all sorcerers, Van Zanymann is compelled to agree to his daughter's marriage. Mephisto makes a few passes with his sword in the approved manner of stage demons, and performs the familiar operation of using a flag as a screen wherewith to hide what is preparing. The flag thrown down, the lover stands revealed, having apparently been solidified out of space. All this is as clever as it is amusing; and, although we may regret that we do not now see so much legitimate conjuring as of old, it is impossible not to admire the ingenuity with which mechanical aids to illusion are utilized at the Egyptian Hall. "Arcana" is a distinct success, and may be expected to keep its place in the programme for some time to come.

## LORD WOLVERTON.

THE death of the late Lord Wolverton will cause very widespread and very genuine regret. His interests were so diversified—for, apart from his commercial and political avocations, he was conspicuously associated with every form of sport—that he

was brought into contact with a greater number of classes than most men. Every one who knew him at all loved him for his largeheartedness, his generosity in every sense of the word, and his absolute straightforwardness. He possessed in a pre-eminent degree the chivalrous virtues which are supposed to be the birth-right of every Englishman, but which are too rarely met with. No man could have a higher reputation for thorough conviction in all his dealings—whether commercial, political, or sporting. One could not but admire, however much one might deplore, his unswerving loyalty to Mr. Gladstone, which even Mr. Gladstone's own conduct could not divert. It somewhat resembled the love of Jack for Myles Cuolahan, the wondrous Irishman in Mr. Besant's novel, *This Son of Vulcan*. Lord Wolverton was singularly popular with all his dependents, as well as with his personal friends. An old racing tout—out of whom one would have thought the bleak morning gusts over Newmarket Heath had blown every spark of warm feeling—cried like a child when he heard last Monday that his old benefactor was dead.

It is characteristic of Lord Wolverton that as lately as last Saturday he told one of his friends that he had not yet decided whether to start on Monday on a political tour through Ireland to preach the doctrines of Mr. Gladstone, or to go instead to Liverpool to witness the performance of his old horse Johnnie Longtail.

#### A NOBLE WATCHWORD.

WHEN partisans political long down upon their luck  
Have reached their final spark of hope, their final grain of  
pluck,

In such a day of black despair, such hour of devils blue,  
What wonders of revival may a word in season do!  
'Twas thus we felt at Hanley when, on Monday of this week,  
Lord Burton, as Lord Granville's introducer, rose to speak,  
And through our melancholy ranks the thrilling signal ran,  
"We mean to go in solid for the Grand Old Man!"

O battle cry inspiring! if such was ever heard,  
Lord Burton, good Lord Burton, let us thank thee for the word;  
To go in solid for the cause how noble! (though 'tis true,  
We must hope at next election that you'll go in liquid too).  
But "go in solid for the cause?"—nay! nay! we had forgot.  
No causes now, no principles; "measures" have gone "to pot."  
And in their place has come the simple independent plan  
Of those who "go in solid for a Grand Old Man!"

What rectitude! what virtue with intelligence combined!  
How eminently worthy of a reasonable mind!  
Ah Heavens! that improvement such as this on ancient ways  
Had but dawned upon our fathers in the old pedantic days;  
What pains it would have spared them from our point of view to  
start,  
What wrestlings of the spirit, and what searchings of the heart,  
Could they have settled all their doubts as their descendants can,  
By merely "going solid for a Grand Old Man!"

Their instincts must have recognized the progress that is made  
When labour-saving processes our politics invade;  
They surely would we cannot doubt have welcomed, as they  
ought,  
So excellent a substitute for time-consuming thought.  
And, had they had a leader for such high devotion fit,  
Instead of here a wretched Burke, or there a feeble Pitt,  
The heart must have completed what the intellect began,  
And made them "go in solid for some Grand Old Man!"

Then let us bless the modern art which led us to invent  
This triple-hidden shield against the darts of argument,  
This panoply impervious to all weapons of the brain  
Which Logic, Prudence, Common Sense, Experience, smite in  
vain.

Thrice armed, the poet says, is he who hath his quarrel just;  
But he is ten times armed who takes its justice upon trust.  
Nor need they fear the foremost place in controversy's van  
Who are pledged to "go in solid for a Grand Old Man!"

No longer shall the Unionist disturb us and perplex;  
No longer shall his questions pose, his grave misgivings vex;  
No more shall sceptics such as he "with shadowed hint confuse  
A life that leads harmonious days" without the bore of views.  
O blessed repose of mind! O peace beyond belief!  
When once the conscience has been placed in keeping of the chief,  
And all one's duty lies within that comfortable span  
Defined by "going solid for a Grand Old Man!"

We heed not now whoever tries our faith to overwhelm  
By stale objections to a disarticulated realm,  
Or queries how with Parliaments convoked on College Green  
We contemplate maintaining the *imperium* of the Queen.  
If Chamberlain or any one of his seceding Rads  
Should bother about Ulster's rights or air their other fads,  
Our answer ever ready for the pertinacious clan  
Is "We mean to go in solid for the Grand Old Man."

Nay, even if inquiries take a more offensive shape,  
And indicate an inference from which there's no escape;  
If censors say that who obey Lord Burton's rallying-word  
Accept a solidarity with Egan and with Ford,  
We care not, we; but, unabashed, with foreheads proof to shame,  
We brazen out the charge, and our reply is still the same,  
That, stewing though we feel we are in our Parnellian pan,  
We "mean to go in solid for the Grand Old Man."

## REVIEWS.

### WHAT I REMEMBER.\*

"I HAVE no intention of writing an autobiography," says Mr. Trollope at the outset of his long retrospective voyage; "there has been nothing in my life which could justify such a pretension. But I have lived a long while." And he proceeds to liken his position to that of an ancient porter at the monastery near Camaldoli, "who has taken brevet rank as a saint solely on the score of his ninety years." Now it may be true that any man, whatever his profession, ought to have plenty to say worth the record if he can look back to an active and successful career of more than half a century; but it is not enough to possess abundant material. The tact to select and the skill to present it are equally necessary. In all these particulars the distinguished man of letters whose recollections are happily entitled *What I Remember* is singularly gifted. His experiences of life in many lands have been remarkably varied. His opportunities for social study have been exceptionally advantageous, and have been greatly enhanced by the keen and trained powers of observation that belong naturally to the novelist and historian. Despite his modest disclaimer, Mr. Trollope's work is in the strict literary sense an autobiography, and one of the most pleasing of its class, without the shadow of ill-nature on its sunny pages and without a trace of egoism in its personal tone. We have but one fault to note of it as an autobiography, and this, we are confident, will occur to every reader of these diversified and vivacious volumes. The work stops short at a critical moment in the author's life, and the last twenty years are left a blank. Every one must share our regretful desire for a third volume that might complete Mr. Trollope's memorials of a long and happy life. As it is, we must be content with the somewhat vague promise contained in the final pages that the want may yet be supplied, and stimulate our gratitude for the pleasurable volumes before us with warm expectation of favours to come. It can have proved no light task, even to a literary man, to undertake in his seventy-seventh year to reconstruct the past with the spoils of memory; and we feel on closing Mr. Trollope's record just a little of the embarrassment that may naturally have visited the author when he first contemplated the vast extent of the survey, its thronging images and bewildering suggestiveness. In the course of the narrative it is repeatedly obvious that the author is but making a selection from the rich stores at his command, and is thus in a special sense a gleaner. The produce, however, is a ripe and plenteous harvest of curious and amusing anecdotes, graphic recollection, and shrewd observation. The strangeness of the observer's position and the sharp contrasts of the changes he has witnessed are happily reflected in a reference to his experiences in private theatricals, his "three Thespian avatars—Falstaff at Cincinnati," when a shy youth of eighteen, "Acres and Sir Anthony in Grand Ducal Florence, and Sir Anthony again in a liberated Tuscany." "I seem to myself like some old mail-coach guard, who goes through the whole long journey, while successive coachmen 'Leave you here, sir!' But then in my case the passengers are all changed too, and I arrive at the end of the journey without one 'inside' or 'outside' of those who started with me! I can still blow my horn cheerily, however, and chat with the passengers who joined my coach when the journey was half done, as if they were quite old fellow-travellers." Only the other day, Mr. Trollope remarks, he entered the shop of a confectioner not far from No. 16 Keppel Street, Russell Square, where, in 1810, he was born, and bought a tart. "I did not in the least want this 'tart,'" said I to the girl who was serving in the shop. 'Why did you take it, then?' said she, with a little toss of the head, 'nobody asked you to buy it!' 'I bought it,' rejoined I, 'because I used to buy pastry of Mr. Pidding in this shop seventy years ago.' 'Lor, sir!' said the girl, 'did you really?' She probably considered me to be the Wandering Jew."

In the first chapters Mr. Trollope gives a vivid account of his boyhood, previous to his school days at Winchester. Quite early in life his association with Italy seems to have been anticipated, for he recalls the visits of several Italian refugees to the house in Keppel Street, and among them General Guglielmo Pepe, the defender of Venice, whose "placid manner of enunciating the most astounding platitudes" is as unforgotten as the pleasure his offerings of dried figs and Mandarin oranges afforded to the nursery. Very graphic and animated are the pictures of the London of Mr. Trollope's youth, of the wonderful gathering of the mails at St. Martin's-le-Grand, the coaches at White Horse Cellar, the dim and dirty streets, the Hackney coaches and ancient

\* *What I Remember*. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1887.



watchmen. The boy's pride and delight in a journey to Exeter on the box of the "Quicksilver" mail are pleasantly portrayed. We have a charming picture of a Quaker-like relative, Miss Fanny Bent, at Exeter, who visited the Cathedral with him, and though a good Tory and churchwoman, quoted Peter Pindar as they walked up the nave, "*Nate, nate! clane, clane!* Do ye mop it, mop it, Mr. Dane?" And how Dane Buller replied, "In all our Ex'ter shops we do not meet with such long mops. Our mops don't reach so high." How many people can now remember, with Mr. Trollope, standing in the crowd at the pit-door of the theatre from two in the afternoon till six to hear Mrs. Siddons in *Macbeth*? A very curious picture is presented of the domestic rule at Keppel Street, which must be passed over with other good matters for more personal chronicle. A characteristic story is told of the assumption of the critic in extreme youth, which shows but less self-reliance than another example of the kind, when Mr. Trollope relates how he persisted in sleeping every night on the deck of a sailing vessel during the voyage to New York, rather than endure the horrors of the steerage quarters below. At the age of four he was once watching his mother dressing for dinner, when, at the completion of the toilette, he broke the silence by the solemn observation, "Now you have made yourself as fine as *poso* [possible], and you look worse than you did when you began!" The candour of an *enfant terrible* could hardly surpass this. A few years later the elder Mr. Trollope, without forsaking his legal work, moved to Harrow, where he commenced farming, with what his son considers most disastrous results. One result was that the boy attended the school, as a private pupil of the Rev. Mark Drury, "Mother Mark," as he was called, behind whose chair he sat while the master took his classes. "How I hated it all," he says. "What a Pariah I was among those denizens of Mark's and other pupil-rooms! For I was a 'town-boy,' 'village-boy' would have been a more correct designation," and "the object of scorn and contumely on the part of all the *paying* pupils." At Winchester he seems to have had a most enjoyable time; and of the school itself he gives a full and most interesting account. With natural pride he recalls how he once received five "scourgings"—mild affairs, all of them—in one day; one from the "hostiarius," at morning school; another from the "informator"; a third at middle school, a fourth at evening, and a fifth just before going to dinner at six. After a brief sojourn with his parents in America, where he first met Hiram Powers the sculptor, it was determined he should go to Oxford; and, there being no vacancy at New College, where his father had held a fellowship, the "singular and hardly judicious" selection was made of Alban Hall, of which Dr. Whately was then Principal. From this "refuge of the destitute" Mr. Trollope was compelled by unkind circumstances to migrate to Magdalen Hall, since known as Hertford College, which he describes as a refuge even less desirable than that over which Whately presided. Of Whately we have a good sketch, and at least one good story. At Whately's table, on one occasion, Mrs. Whately was sounding the undergraduate next to her as to the general opinion on the question of Parliamentary Reform, when Whately interjected, "Why don't you ask what the bed-makers think?"

The publication of Mrs. Trollope's book on America brought many literary persons to Harrow, among whom her son mentions Letitia Landon, Lady Milman, and Dean Milman. In his twenty-fifth year he visited Paris, driving from Calais on the *banquette* of the diligence, and noting with amazement that the whole way was "paved after the fashion proper only for the streets of towns." At Paris he met many notable persons, none of whom stands out more vividly in his recollection than Chateaubriand, "an aristocrat *jusqu'au bout des ongles*, whose 'every word and movement were characterized by that exquisite courtesy which was the inalienable, and it would seem incommunicable, speciality of the *seigneurs of the ancien régime*." George Sand, Guizot, Thiers, Mme. Récamier are all vividly recalled in the recollections of this period. A passage in his mother's book, *Paris and the Parisians*, revives a memorable evening at the house of the Princess Belgiojoso, when Liszt and the Princess played "the whole of the score of *Don Giovanni* on two pianos." At the conclusion of this odd performance "the nervous musician swooned and slid from his seat," while the lady remained "as fresh as at the beginning." At this time Mr. Trollope first met Thackeray, then unknown to the world, and he describes a mishap that befell the latter during a picnic expedition to Montmorency which at the moment appeared to be serious, even tragical. All of the party were mounted on donkeys—"selon les prescriptions," as Mr. Trollope says—when Thackeray's donkey, "a plucky and vigorous beast," tossed his rider "on a heap of newly-broken stones."

The Viennese reminiscences introduce Prince Metternich and the society *par excellence* of the Austrian city, "a very small society," whose *open sesame* was in the possession of Mrs. Trollope. An amusing story is told of Napoleon's mysterious envoy, employed by Fouché, who engaged to meet his Austrian *conféres* in Basle. "May I ask you, sir," said the envoy from Paris, "what is the object of our meeting?" "My object, sir," replied the Austrian, "is to listen to whatever you may be disposed to say." "And mine," rejoined the Frenchman, "is solely to hear what you have to communicate." And so they parted with a wise civility. Mr. Trollope's first volume concludes with some entertaining recollections of Baron Dupolet, the magnetic quack; Dr. Elliotson and his marvellous cures by mesmerism; Daniel Hume, or Home; Lafontaine, a less known but remarkable mesmerist and spiritualist, who completely converted Seymour

Kirhauf, Landor's old friend. Reminiscences of Florence and Florentine society occupy the greater part of the second volume, the whole of which is bristful of bright pictures and telling anecdotes, in which Landor, Mrs. Browning, Dickens, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Garibaldi, and many other notable persons figure. For nearly fifty years Mr. Trollope has known the city and country that exercised so important and absorbing an influence on his work in literature. It is not surprising that his pictures of Florence under the Grand Dukes curiously contrast with the Florence of to-day. Not more distinctive and peculiar, and certainly not more delightful, was the Florence of Sir Horace Mann. It was in 1842 that Mrs. Trollope and her son decided on the journey to Italy, and Mr. Trollope tells us how little they thought of the possibility of a long sojourn in the Tuscan capital. No one now needs to be reminded of the happy results of this decision. If space permitted we would gladly quote the numerous interesting letters in this volume, the humorous and incisive sketches of famous men and women, the felicitous reflexions on the changes, political and social, with which Mr. Trollope lightly seasons the rapid interchange of light and colour in his entertaining chronicle. We cannot part with the book without noting, by the way, the pretty stanzas (pp. 363-367) written by Mr. Trollope's first wife (Theodora Garrow) on her infant child, an example of poetry that drew from Landor enthusiastic admiration. Every reader will hope to see Mr. Trollope's later recollections of his cheery life in "this beautiful world, which not even the Radicals have quite spoilt yet," and all will respond to his valediction, which is in truth, full of salutation, "Here's to our next pleasant meeting!"

## NOVELS.\*

THE accomplished "author of *Mehalah*" has published many novels since the appearance of that strange book startled the public into the sense that an original genius had begun to mould phases of English life into enduring shapes. Perhaps he has published rather too many. We should be inclined to say decidedly he had, if the value of his novels rested on their imaginative quality alone. This, however, is not so. Wild, singular, extraordinary as the conceptions and combinations of the author of *Mehalah* are, they are almost if not entirely removed from the realm of imagination. It is on this fact, as we believe, that their value and their chances of endurance as literature rest. The stories of English rural life which have followed *Mehalah* form each in its way bits of human history, studies of eccentric development, scenes from the comedy of unsophisticated life, which have an interest different from that we accord to the flights of more exclusively imaginative writers. They are in a sense poetic, but with the poetry which lies all round us in cities as well as on the wide moors and hills, poetry which it is not in every eye to see. The author of *The Gaverocks* has the gift of sight for the obscure, intricate, wayward passions of men and women as well as for the natural aspects of the world they live in. His books are unequal, but each of them is more or less a contribution to the natural history of his country. They are unconventionally true. If people a century hence want to know what the Essex marshes were like and how the amphibious population lived in them, what the Dartmoor savages were, and how the Cornish coast-folk talked and thought, *Mehalah* and *John Herring* and *The Gaverocks* will be to them actual and veritable guides, as well as fresh (even then still fresh) romances. Reality and vitality and strength are in the books, and therefore they will live. They are not likely to be classics, nor will the author of *Mehalah* probably ever be quoted in Board School standard books as a model of style. But he will be remembered as one who knew his countrymen and drew them as they were, not as fancy painted them. In *The Gaverocks* we care much less for the story than for the picture of life at the Towan, the little kingdom of old Squire Hender Gaverock, on the bleak north coast of Cornwall. Hender Gaverock was, in his small way, as despotic and tyrannous as any Caesar, as irresponsible and as unchecked. He ruled, and was obeyed. He crushed all sensitive natures in his reach; he broke off every shoot of original tendency; he ignored every desire, every ambition, every affection but his own. The story of the Gaverocks lies before the time of telegraphs and railways; but we suspect many outlying homesteads have a similar history and experience even now. In those distant nooks and coombs scarcely any public opinion makes itself felt in daily life. *The qu'en dira-t-on?* hardly exists. The neighbour's nose flattened against his window-pane to inspect comings and goings is not to be taken into account. The result is a domestic tyranny often hideous. The Gaverock drama is a tragic one, but the fatalities of it do not all lie at the door of the Squire, who is a splendid old fellow even in his temper and wrong-headedness. He is like Captain Trelawny, with his unkempt, uncovered grizzled head. Something of the supernatural is mingled in the strange interweaving of the destinies of the Gaverocks, the Penhalligans, and the Featherstones, but not more

\* *The Gaverocks: a Tale of the Cornish Coast.* By the Author of "Mehalah." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1887.

*A False Position.* By G. M. Robins. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1887.

*The Maid and the Monk: a Romantic Chronicle.* By Walter Stanhope. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1887.

than the superstitious nature of the Cornish people justifies, even in our own day. The wild roughness of the rocky coast, the breezy freshness of the moorland, the loneliness of the secluded glens are in the story. *The Gaverocks* is not so gloomily impressive a book as *Mehalah*. Touches of humour and tenderness light it up often, and there is a charming simplicity about Paul Featherstone, his sister Juliet, and their Arcadian household. Some traces of haste, and perhaps of fatigue, are visible in the last volume. But everywhere there are the unmistakable and ineffaceable touches of original and highly cultivated perception.

The first few pages of *A False Position* are amusingly written. They describe Bloomsbury as from the point of view of the young lady student of the Slade School, to whom the solid qualities in a residence dear to the house-agent are as nothing compared with the tiles, coloured panes, and flower-pots. There is a promise of brightness in the writing which is encouraging. As soon, however, as the necessary business of story-telling is begun, the thinness of the means at the command of the author becomes plain. The sentiment is shallow, the knowledge of the realities of life and character limited, and the estimate of motive mistaken. The tone of the story of *A False Position* is insincere. The situation between Mr. Fleetwood and his young wife, Lady May, is an impossible one, and not less impossible than unsuited for purposes of art. It is the sort of domestic imbroglia the mazes of which angels might fear to tread. This, however, might be the mistake of a young writer, or the mistake might be redeemed by its treatment. It is not found to be so. Lady May, a quite penniless young girl who has been an unsuccessful governess, is intended to be a paragon of nobleness, haughty spirit, and pure impulse. She begins her married life by telling her husband a lie, a lie which is not merely a misstatement of fact, but an assertion intended to deceive him on a point of great importance to their common peace. She tells the lie in haste, but does not repent at leisure. On the contrary, she goes on acting it with her old lover (who is her husband's nephew and lives with them in the Bloomsbury house), living out under her husband's roof a series of the shabbiest and meanest impostures upon his kindness. The husband is a solicitor, who hides an abyss of passion under a dry professional manner. All sorts of compromising situations between Lady May and her nephew by marriage are arranged in a half-hearted way, the author being too timid (very properly too timid) to dare to carry them to conclusions. It is the merest veneer of thin sentiment. Besides her trickiness, Lady May—"Duchess May," as she is called, because she is so proud and noble—has the vice of ingratitude; she has been sheltered in her days of starvation by some women nearly as poor as herself; in her prosperity she neglects them. She sends them once at her husband's instance a five-pound note, apparently the change out of a florist's bill, but that is all. She clean forgets her former benefactors, and the author forgets to remind her. But the author has no more idea than Lady May herself that she ought to have done otherwise. It would scarcely have been worth while to point out these aberrations of principle in what is but a slight superficial novel, if it were not that the writer has fluency and a gift of observation which, if now used only for surface-matters, might one day deepen into insight. Study and thought, determined pursuit of motive into results, and defined analysis of character, are imperatively needed to supplement the ability Miss Robins has already shown herself possessed of. Without them her talent can scarcely make real impression.

Mr. Walter Stanhope has composed what he not inappropriately calls a "romantic chronicle," under the title *The Maid and the Monk*. It is an historical novel of the time of Henry VIII., and the scene is laid in the London of three centuries ago, when the Fleet was a river for boat traffic, and the slopes of Snow Hill and Holborn still bore trees. The chronicle is very romantic. All sorts of persons with historical names, and some with whom history has but slight acquaintance, are bustled about in an exciting manner, fighting, abducting damsels, roystering, tourneying, and all the while indulging in the tallest description of talk known to that or any other period. So much flowery and remarkable English has not fallen in our way for long. When the "Maid" (a blind daughter by an early secret marriage of Sir Thomas More) is engaged in amorous dalliance with a Knight Hospitaller of St. John (singularly enough a long-lost grandson of King Richard III.), she "avoided not the further tribute of love's celebration," but "locked in Plantagenet's arms," enjoyed "an antepast of Heaven." The "Monk," who is no other than Father Bocking, and an uncomfortably "sultry" person, "joyed in feeling the scorching of the subtle flame" of his passion for the "Maid," his relations with whom are complicated by past transactions with the famous Nun of Kent. Sir John Perrot, described as the "quondam" son of Henry, is a disturbing element in the love affairs of Aveline More, perpetually abducting the lady, who is as regularly rescued in the very nick of time by her Plantagenet. There is, of course, a Wizard, whose utterances are impressive. "Venus is, I perceive, malefic; but the hyleg is not afflicted." These extracts give an imperfect idea of the grandiloquent style employed throughout this animated record of the early days of the Reformation. It might have been better could the author have taken example by the Nun when "the naked grandeur of natural feeling at last scorned the false drapery of artificial speech." But perhaps not. There is something amusing in the style in which the various personages are described as "querily" answering each other.

## THE SARACENS.\*

SHOULD you know nothing of a subject, and desire to obtain some information thereon, it is said that the best method to pursue is to write a book upon it. So doing has advantages, possibly, for both author and publisher; as to the reader, he must seek his consolation in the hope that, through misleading him, the writer has perchance himself learnt to spell. Mr. Gilman is an author of varied acquirements. He has written *A History of the American People*, and likewise *The Story of Rome*. Coming to "The Story of the Saracens," however, it is evident that his knowledge of Oriental subjects in general, and of the history of Islam in particular, has been acquired recently, and we should guess principally with a view of writing this present manual. At the end of his work Mr. Gilman provides "a list of books used in preparing the Story of the Saracens." The list occupies over seventeen pages, and is not without value from a bibliographical point of view; but, presuming the author to have examined all these works, we opine that, had he read less rubbish, he might have hazarded fewer theories and evolved better etymologies than those which he has based on this varied knowledge at second hand.

The extraordinary blunders that the reader will find on every other page are almost incredible on the part of one who has evidently put himself to such pains in "getting up" the subject. Mr. Gilman, too, makes a brave boast of his erudition. Referring to the numerous quotations from the Koran, he states (p. 38, note) that "all the extracts have been carefully compared with the Arabic." But, if he knows Arabic enough to read the Koran, how comes it that (p. 28) the Hejaz is stated to mean "the land of pilgrimages"? Does the author imagine that Hejaz has any etymological connexion with Hâji, "a pilgrim"? *Al Hejaz* signifies "the Barrier," and as such the name is applied to the country separating the highlands of Arabia from the shore of the Red Sea. In Chapter II., which treats of the Days of Ignorance (prior to A.D. 600) and the Ramadan-fast among the pre-Islamic Arabs, we are told that "during the day they would even hold the hand before the mouth should they chance to pass in the street a man smoking, lest a whiff of the forbidden fragrance should pollute them." Can Mr. Gilman possibly imagine that people smoked in the days of Justinian? A blunder of a somewhat different category is the statement that when the Arabs defeated the Persians (643 A.D.) near Rei, "five or six miles south of Teheran . . . Teheran, and in fact all Persia, was at the mercy of the generals of Omar." Teheran, however, was founded a thousand years and more after Omar and all his generals had sunk into their graves. Out of the many absurd anachronisms perhaps the most remarkable is that presented on p. 237, where an illustration is inserted purporting to represent the "Seals of the Early Kalifs," Abu Bekr, Omar, Othman, and Ali. Here, in the most modern of scripts, inscribed with many flourishes within flowery circles, after the fashion now in vogue among the Turks of Constantinople, are the names of the Four Orthodox Kalifs who reigned in the seventh century of our era, and whose actual seals, therefore, must have been engraved in the angular simplicity of archaic Kufic. Had Mr. Gilman been writing the history of King Alfred, he might with equal justice have borrowed a monogram from the notepaper of the present Duke of Edinburgh, in order to reproduce it as the mark that King Alfred stamped on his cakes.

Far more misleading to the general reader, because less striking in their naïve absurdity than the instances above noted, are the blunders Mr. Gilman perpetrates when describing the tenets of the various sects that, at successive epochs, troubled the repose of the Kalifate. As everybody knows, the Sunnis and the Shiâhs abhor each other in Islam, each claiming to be alone orthodox, somewhat as do Catholics and Protestants in Christendom. Now the Shiâhs have always held that the office of Kalif went by right of inheritance to Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law, and, after him, belonged to his descendants in the line male; while the Sunnis, on the contrary, do assert that the Kalifate was elective, and regard Abu Bekr and those who succeeded him as alone orthodox. This matter, which is not very complex, is duly explained by Mr. Gilman. He, however, adds "that a body known by his [Ali's] name still exists, the Islamites of Persia to-day adhering to the interpolation of the Koran in accordance with his views, and believing that Abu Bekr was an usurper," and a little later on, p. 283, he gives us an illustration of the "Mosque at Ispahan, showing an Islamite preaching-place." Mr. Gilman, we gather from this, believes that the Persian Shiâhs are called *Islamites*; what he may have in mind we know not; the name *Islamite* is certainly new to us, but we can assure him that the Shiâhs are not, and never have been, so denominated, and that, consequently and very certainly, the Islamites have no mosque in Ispahan. As well might one speak of a *Christianite* cathedral in Scotland.

Following on this, and not less wonderful, is our author's account of the Karejites, a sect who played a great political part in the early days of Islam. Of them he writes that "they were called also Motazilites, and as such still exist, a vigorous offshoot of the Shiâhs." We have no space to enter into an exposition of the tenets of these two very distinct sects—the Karejites, political and revolutionary, the Motazilites, philosophical and unorthodox; but Mr. Gilman should glance over Brinnow's book, *Die Charidschiten unter den ersten Omayyaden*, and a pamphlet by Steiner,

\* *The Story of the Nations—The Saracens, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Bagdad*. By Arthur Gilman, M.A. London: Fisher Unwin. 1887.



*Die Mutaziliten oder die Freidenker in Islam.* It would then become clear to him that the two sects are not to be regarded as identical; and, further, he would learn that neither Karejites nor Mutazilites can be said to exist in Islam at the present, any more than Paulicians and Gnostics can be spoken of as disturbing the repose among the churches of modern Christendom. With a like disregard of exact statement Mr. Gilman (p. 408) asserts that the Ismailians held the same tenets as the followers of Babek.

We have by no means exhausted the list of Mr. Gilman's errors of commission, and there is yet a fair proportion of corrigenda that may, with charity, be put down to misprints. In the course of three or four successive pages As Saffah, the first Abbaside Kalif, is alternately spoken of as "Abbas," "Abu Abbas," and "Abul Abbas." The last is correct; but, since "Abu" means father of, a man should not be called "Abbas" and "Father of Abbas" indifferently. Then we remark that the name for the "Emigrants" who accompanied the Prophet to Medina, properly the *Muhajerin*, is invariably printed (cockney fashion) *Muajerin*, though the *h*, as Mr. Gilman doubtless knows, is radical; while the Koranic surname of Alexander the Great, "He of the Two Horns," is twice over (p. 294) printed "Julkarnein" for Zul Karnein.

Enough has been said to show the nature of Mr. Gilman's present work. As a text-book we cannot conscientiously recommend it. It professes to be "the Story of the Saracens from the earliest times to the fall of Bagdad"; but, since considerably more than half the book is taken up with the account of the life of the Prophet, the history of the Kalifs at Damascus and Bagdad, of the Fatimites in Egypt, and of the House of Saladin who fought the Crusaders—in short, the history of events in the many kingdoms of the Saracens during full five centuries—is dispatched with a brevity that would be matter for regret were aught that Mr. Gilman has here written sufficiently trustworthy to be worth the trouble of reading.

DAVID KENNEDY.\*

THE late David Kennedy was something more than what is called "a character." In his way he was also an artist. He sang Scotch songs with singular gusto and intelligence; and, as Mrs. Kendal once said of him, he was "a born actor." Wherever the Scots tongue is spoken, or remembered, or understood, there, at one time or another, did he labour at what he held to be his vocation, and there was his endeavour crowned with success. He was known and applauded all over the English-speaking world; and it is scarce too much to say of him that his fame was more brilliant, and his popularity more heartfelt and abiding, than those enjoyed by many greater and truer artists. Such a man was deserving of a memorial, and the volume in which the story of his life is told is certain to find readers everywhere. It is composed of two separate and independent works. In the first, Miss Marjorie Kennedy has told the facts of his life, with taste and discretion; and in the second, which is entitled "Singing Round the World," his son, Mr. David Kennedy, has produced a sort of journal of his colonial and Indian tours. Miss Kennedy's work, it may be said at once, is far better than her brother's, and might well have been left to stand on its own merits. As the book, however, is a family affair, and as "Singing Round the World" is quite readable, it would be ungracious to insist upon the fact.

Kennedy was born in Perth as long ago as 1825. He came of a musical family—for his father, his uncle, and his aunt were all great and famous singers in their time; and in after years, whenever he visited Ottawa, he was always solemnly received by a company of some forty kinsmen, with whom "the day was passed in social enjoyment," and who never failed to illustrate the proceedings by a performance of the *Hallelujah Chorus*. His father—a weaver, known in Perth as "old Supertonic"—was precentor at the "North United Secession Church"; he was a musical purist and a diligent and faithful student of Handel; he had a fine tenor voice, was an ardent admirer of the art and talent of John Wilson, the Scotch singer, and entertained for many years the profoundest disbelief in the capacity and accomplishment of his son. Strict as he was, however, in his morals, and frugal as he loved to be in his habits, he had a very decent musical library, and there was not a concert in Perth at which he and his were not present. He apprenticed his son to a house painter, taught him music and the Shorter Catechism, and presently made him a member of his own glee club. Kennedy's first appearance in public was a disastrous failure; he succumbed to stage fright, and when he had finished his song, his audience could see nothing of him but the back of his head. His beginnings in sacred song were no less ignominious; but he was born for a precentorship, and at twenty he was leading the choir in the South Kirk. He had always believed, however, that he had a call to sing Scots songs; he had even gone so far as to put the question directly to God, and, as he thought, he had received the answer, "Thou shalt sing"; and, after three or four years of South Kirk and the precentor's desk, he left Perth for Edinburgh and London. Returning to his native city, he married, lost his wife, and married again; worked at his trade for seven or eight years more; "went periodically to Edinburgh, and spent every sovereign he could spare on lessons in singing

and elocution"; made himself a reputation and a name among precentors; and was at last selected from some forty competing candidates to fill the desk at the U. P. Kirk in Nicolson Street, Edinburgh. He was soon well known and liked, both as a teacher and as a singer of old ditties; but it was not until 1859 (when he was "engaged for the Burns' Celebration in St. George's Hall, Liverpool") that he got a public engagement of any importance. Three years after—he being then some eight-and-thirty years old, and having meanwhile made a number of successful concert tours in Scotland—he appeared in London at the St. James's Hall, and "was at once accepted as Wilson's successor." The *Daily News* said that he sang "with all the force and finish of a highly-trained musician," and that he possessed "a large share of dramatic power, a good sense of humour and character, and a voice that is rich and flexible"; while the *Daily Telegraph* is found remarking (in a noble and characteristic passage) of his performance that "laughter holds both his sides at 'Hame cam' our Gudeman at E'en,' whilst Burns's 'Highland Mary' and 'Wae's Me for Prince Charlie' cause tears to trickle down those cheeks that a few minutes before were bulged out in boisterous glee." This was the turning point in his career. He resigned his precentorship, settled in London, and started in the vocation to which he had been called in right earnest. Sir Michael Costa would have had him sing in nothing but oratorio; but he knew himself better, and elected to be known as an artist in Scotch humour and Scotch pathos. The event showed that he was right. Time after time he sang his way through Canada and the United States; he was as well known in New Zealand and Australia as in London itself; wherever there were Scotsmen—and where are there not?—there was he welcome. In 1881 he was visited with as cruel a calamity as often falls to the lot of men; two daughters and a son of his, who were studying with Lamperti, were burned to death in the Opera House at Nice. He suffered terribly, we are told, but he went on with his work, and it is barely ten months since he sang (at New York) "The Land of the Leal" for the last time in public. He died a few days after of Canadian cholera, at Stratford, Ontario; and it seems probable enough that we shall wait in vain for his successor.

It is, perhaps, by his singing of humorous songs—as "The Women are a' Gane Wud"—that he is most favourably remembered. His daughter, indeed, records that he once subdued a wild cat in the Ontario Zoological Gardens to peacefulness and a placid and amused contentment by singing him "The Wee Wee German Lairdie." His pathos—if we may judge of it by the emotional parts of his letters—appears to have been a thought too "warm-reekin', rich" for any but the type of sentimentalist which is best described in the term, "a bleating Scotchman." He inherited from his father a dreadful habit of writing Scotch; and it is so easy for the best of men to be fulsome and cloying in that medium of expression that we may be doing Kennedy an injustice. But he is just as hard to endure when, by an odd chance, he works off his enthusiasm in English. There is a certain dreadful passage from one of his letters to be found on p. 77 of Miss Kennedy's *Reminiscences*—a passage about "Sappiness," or "juiciness," if we like that better, "the glorious product of a warm heart, oiling the hard intellect and exuding the sympathetic tear"—which is really almost too Scotch for general consumption. Kennedy was a devout Wagnerite. To the end of his days, however, he remained a good Handelian; and it is evident from the advice he is found sending to such of his children as were working with Lamperti—he was the father of eleven, all of whom were heard with him in public—that his ideas about the technique of his art were intelligent and right, and that he sang well because he sang with understanding.

#### BANKING LAW.\*

TO write a good professional book for non-professional readers is, under all circumstances, an extremely difficult task. The temptation is almost irresistible to become either too technical or too popular. We cannot say that Mr. Hutchison has been able entirely to resist the temptation. Especially in dealing with real property—a branch of our law peculiarly technical and insular—he appears to us not to have taken sufficient account of the ignorance of laymen, and consequently not to be sufficiently elementary. But, if we look to the intrinsic value of the work, apart from its suitability for those for whom it is specially intended, we can speak of it in highly favourable terms. It is, especially in that part relating to advances upon title-deeds, very full and clear. It gives the text of the principal recent Acts of Parliament affecting the subject, especially the Conveyancing Act of 1881 and the Settled Land Act of 1882; and it summarizes very lucidly and sufficiently the principal cases bearing upon the branches of his subject dealt with. In the second part of the volume Mr. Hutchison is less happy, as we shall by-and-by proceed to show. The business of a banker as it is understood in this country is twofold; it consists in receiving money from the public on deposit and employing it profitably in lending and discounting. It is only with loans that the third volume of the work deals, and further

\* *David Kennedy, the Scottish Singer.* By Marjorie and David Kennedy, jun. Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 1887.

\* *The Practice of Banking; embracing the Cases in Law and in Equity bearing upon all branches of the subject.* By John Hutchison. Vol. III. London: Effingham Wilson & Co.

only with certain classes of loans. An advance may be made either on the personal security of a borrower and his sureties, or it may be made on what is called realizable security—security, that is, which, if the borrower fails to fulfil his contract, may be turned into cash. It is with the latter branch of the subject that the third volume of Mr. Hutchison's treatise deals. There are two kinds of realizable securities—title-deeds, and what are generally known as Stock Exchange securities. Amongst title-deeds, the title-deeds to landed and house property, of course, stand pre-eminent. And, though we are inclined to think that in treating of this branch of his subject Mr. Hutchison is hardly elementary enough for bank managers, his exposition of it is full and exhaustive. Mortgages proper are no part of a banker's business. Land banks, insurance Companies, and private capitalists may advance upon mortgages; but a banker, who borrows money repayable on demand or at very short notice, ought not to do so. He ought to invest the money so borrowed only in forms in which it can be quickly realized, and, above all, in forms which he can reasonably count upon realizing when desirable. But bankers whose clients largely consist of owners and lessees of land and houses must, of course, if they are to do business at all, make advances upon the best security those clients can offer, and consequently upon title-deeds. Mr. Hutchison discusses very fully the rights which a banker acquires by advancing upon title-deeds, and the dangers and risks he runs either from the defects of title or the insufficiency of the deeds deposited.

In the City and in the great commercial towns, however, a much larger business is done by bankers in lending upon other kinds of title-deeds than those of land and houses, such as bills of lading, dock warrants, iron trade warrants, delivery orders, letters of hypothecation, and the like. The business done in lending upon bills of lading, for example, is very large indeed. They are, in substance, acknowledgments, signed by the master of a ship or some one acting as his agent or the agent of the ship-owner, that certain merchandize has been received on board the ship; and they further contain an engagement to deliver the merchandize, under specified conditions, at the port to which the ship is bound, either to the person who has shipped it or to such other person as he may specify by written assignment on the instrument. Bills of lading are usually made out in sets of three; one being retained by the master of the ship, and the other two delivered to the persons shipping the merchandize, who usually transmit to the consignee of the goods one copy by the ship and another copy by some other conveyance. It is very usual, indeed, for either the person shipping or his consignee to borrow money upon these bills of lading; and it will be seen from the description given of them that they readily admit of abuse. There is one well-known case cited by Mr. Hutchison, in which a firm of merchants in London borrowed from one of the leading banks in the City 13,000*l.*, depositing at the same time one of the three bills of lading constituting a set. The bankers appear to have had great confidence in the borrowers. They did not specially inquire as to where the other two bills of lading were; nor did they take any trouble to notify either to the master of the ship or to the warehousing Company that they had lent money upon one of the bills of lading. When the ship carrying the goods reached London, the goods were landed and put into the warehouse of one of the Dock Companies. The borrowers of the 13,000*l.* produced to the Dock Company another of the bills of lading, and got themselves entered in it as owners, and then gave delivery orders to other persons to whom the goods were delivered. Subsequently the borrowers became bankrupt, and the lending bank brought an action against the Dock Company for wrongful delivery. It was held, however, both by the House of Lords and by the Courts below, that the Dock Company were not guilty of wrongful delivery, but that the bankers had themselves by their negligence enabled the borrowers to commit the fraud. Either they ought to have insisted upon knowing where the other two bills of lading were when they made the loan, or they ought to have served notice on the master of the ship, or the Dock Company, or both, that they had lent money upon the security of the first bill of lading, and warned them not to give delivery of the goods to other parties. By purely London bankers, at all events, a still larger business is done in loans upon Stock Exchange securities. A very large part, probably the largest part, of the business on the Stock Exchange is speculative, and speculation for the most part is carried on by means of borrowed money. A client instructs his broker to buy shares, or bonds, or stock for him, and the broker borrows from his banker the means of carrying out the order. For years past business upon the Stock Exchange has been rapidly growing, and it is likely to go on growing for years to come; and consequently the business done by banks in this way is assuming larger and larger proportions. Whether it be thought desirable or not that the business should so grow is beside the present question. From the point of view of the banker who lends money upon Stock Exchange securities the necessary thing is to be able to lend with safety to himself and profit to the bank. But in this branch of the subject we are unable to say that Mr. Hutchison is as satisfactory as where he deals with loans upon title-deeds.

The first defect in his work to which we would direct attention is where he treats of blank transfers. Heretofore it has been very common for bankers to lend upon what are called blank transfers. Properly speaking, when a banker lends upon Stock Exchange securities, he should have the security transferred into his own name, or the names of trustees. But, partly to save Stamp-duty,

and partly to save the time, trouble, and expense of sending transfers to be registered long distances, bankers have for a long time past been content to accept incomplete transfers; transfers of the security, that is, in which the name of the transferee is not entered. Consequently, the transfer cannot be completed, and the security cannot be registered in the name of the lender. Now, it will be in the recollection of some of our readers, perhaps, that some time ago a firm of brokers bought shares for a client in the country, and then borrowed on the security of those shares from a bank, appropriating the money so obtained to their own use. The country client became urgent, and the broker to silence him was obliged to have the shares registered in his name. He returned them, however, to the bank as security, the bank being content with a blank transfer. The firm failed, and the party to this transaction absconded, and then the question arose as to which of two innocent parties should suffer; the registered purchaser or the bank which had advanced money on the security of the bank transfer. It was decided that the shares belonged to the registered shareholders. The decision has doubtless been given while the third volume of Mr. Hutchison's work was passing through the press; but it is a pity that he did not find means of discussing it either in a note or in the appendix, if it was too late to treat it in the body of the work. His discussion of the question of blank transfers is very meagre and unsatisfactory. It is likely, indeed, to mislead those who do not carry in their memory the case to which we have just been referring. Even less satisfactory is his treatment of the subject of American railroad securities. European investments in American railroad securities of all kinds have been increasing for years past, and are likely to increase still more in the future, because the creation of new Stock Exchange securities in Europe is now very slow, while new Stock Exchange securities are being created in America in immense quantities every year, and therefore a new field of investment is constantly being offered for the fresh savings of Europe. It is clearly of the utmost importance that bankers, investors, and brokers should understand their exact rights in regard to shares and bonds of American railroads; but they will receive little help from Mr. Hutchison. He practically dismisses the whole subject with the recommendation not to invest in either shares or bonds. The recommendation may be wise or unwise; but the book is written ostensibly not to give advice to investors, but to instruct bankers as to the law bearing upon the practice of their business, and the advice, therefore, is beside the point. Doubtless Mr. Hutchison may reply, and reply truly, that he is not an American lawyer, and cannot be expected, therefore, to know the law, not only of the United States, but of every State and Territory in the Union. Still, some attempt might be made in dealing with so very large a matter, involving so many millions of European money, besides what is presented in this volume. It is to be hoped that some one will take up the whole subject. American railroad securities, though in many cases bearing the same names as those with which we are familiar in Europe, are entirely different in legal standing. The general public is absolutely ignorant of the position they occupy when they buy either preference or ordinary shares of an American railway; and scarcely less so in regard to the status of the different classes of bondholders. Even bankers who lend largely on these securities, we fear, are little more enlightened than the general public. Besides the rights and liabilities of bond and share holders, there are a variety of other questions of extreme interest, such, for example, as the real meaning of most of the so-called leases of American railroads and as to the rights appertaining to receivers' certificates.

#### BISHOP SKINNER.\*

NO other bishop has, we think, done for his Church what Bishop Skinner did for the Episcopal Church of Scotland. At the time of his consecration it was in a depressed and sinking state, refusing allegiance to the Crown, subject to penal laws, and without any machinery for corporate action, any standard of doctrine other than the Creeds, or any efficient organization. And it was due to him far more than to any one else that before his death it was reconciled to the State and relieved of its disabilities, that it accepted the Anglican articles, adopted synodical action, acquired some funds for the support of its bishops and clergy, and, without giving up the use of its own Eucharistic office, virtually accomplished episcopal union in Scotland; for at the end of his administration only five congregations, with clergy of English or Irish ordination, remained apart from the Scottish Episcopal Church. How he brought all this about is pleasantly told in the little volume before us. The Church in a great measure owed its revival to the decision of the Aberdeenshire bishops to found an episcopate in the United States of America by consecrating Dr. Seabury, in accordance with the wishes of the Connecticut clergy. This important step, which was taken chiefly through Bishop Skinner's instrumentality, after Seabury had tried in vain to obtain consecration in England, and in spite of the opposition of some of the bishops of the South of Scotland, gave new life to the "little

\* *The Life and Times of John Skinner, Bishop of Aberdeen and Primate of the Scottish Episcopal Church.* By the Rev. William Walker, M.A., LL.D. London: Skellington & Son. Aberdeen: J. & J. P. Edmond & Spark.



consecrating Church," and made it the object of the deepest interest to a number of devoted lay Churchmen in London. On their help and sympathy Skinner could always rely, and they and Horeley, Bishop of St. Asaph's, were of the greatest assistance to him when as Primus he took active measures for the repeal of the penal laws. The most dangerous opponent of the repeal was the Chancellor Thurlow, who, in spite of all explanations, persisted that he did not understand what the Scotch bishops wanted, and procured first the rejection of the Bill by the Lords, then a long postponement, and finally the insertion of some clauses that were grievously annoying to the promoters. The success of Skinner's work was sometimes hindered, and sometimes actually endangered, by his own conduct; for, as his biographer, Mr. Walker, points out, he now and then showed a considerable lack of wisdom and patience with reference to matters of the deepest importance. He certainly did so when he attempted to hasten on reunion with the Edinburgh Episcopalians by appointing a clergyman in English orders as bishop of the diocese. He was a man of masterful temper, and strained his authority to the utmost, not always with due regard to the rights of others, refusing, for example, to confirm episcopal elections when there was no canonical ground for objection, and simply because he considered that the bishop-elect would probably thwart his policy. At the same time he was never swayed by personal feelings, he was upright, single-hearted, and full of energy and determination, an able administrator, fertile in resource, and bold and persevering in action. Mr. Walker succeeds in setting the Bishop vividly before us, and while speaking in glowing terms of his work and character, does not attempt to conceal his mistakes or his failings. The only fault we find in his biography is his ugly fashion of putting headings in italics at the top of his paragraphs. He gains nothing by disfiguring his pages with these headings, for he keeps so closely to his points and expresses his meaning so clearly, that he need not have feared that his readers would not follow his story. We have done so with much interest

#### THOMAS CROMWELL.\*

AS Mr. Galton speaks in his preface of the disabilities of an author who has "the Damocles sword of the Schools ever threatening his head," we gather that he has written this "Sixteenth-Century Criticism," as he oddly styles his book, while still an undergraduate. If this is so, he deserves some credit; for he has read the four or five best modern books on his subject, and has reproduced such parts of their contents as he wanted with more accuracy than is, we suspect, generally to be found in an undergraduate's note-book. He has even consulted some of the volumes of the *Calendar of State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, and would have extended his researches still further, so he tells us, had it not been for that terrible Damocles sword. His essay is certainly better than nine-tenths of those sent in for an undergraduate prize. More than this we cannot say of it. As a youthful production it is respectable, and indeed promising; but it was not worth publishing. And Mr. Galton should have remembered that, while the Damocles sword plea is quite sufficient to excuse some defects in a college exercise, it cannot be admitted when an author thinks his work worthy of being given to the world. The first part of his book contains a life of Thomas Cromwell, along with a good deal that has no immediate bearing on it, the second he describes as "entirely critical." He enters at some length into the stories about Cromwell's early life; corrects Chapuis, who, he considers, merely retailed "society gossip"; and pours scorn on Foxe's story of Cromwell presenting jellies to Julius II., which he says "the Pope eat." At the same time, he is evidently ignorant, as most undergraduate students would naturally be, of the narrative of the novelist Bandello, and apparently does not know that, though Foxe gets astray in his chronology—his wildest statement, that Cromwell was at the taking of Rome, Mr. Galton says is not disproved—he was, as a Boston man, certain to be well informed as to all the circumstances of Cromwell's application to the Pope for the Boston indulgences. These indulgences, we observe, are said to illustrate "the complete and logical way in which the Church on Earth and the other provinces of the supernatural confederation were feudalized." We do not pretend to say what this means, but we are quite sure that it is nonsense. Mr. Galton blindly follows Mr. Brewer, and even in some respects goes beyond him, in believing that all the incidents of Cromwell's life abroad recorded by Foxe, Bandello, and Pole are probably fictitious, giving as his reason that after Cromwell's return he was "half-scrivener, half-moneylender," the very occupations a man would naturally follow who had been working in merchants' counting-houses in the Low Countries and in Italy, and because some fifteen or sixteen years after he had settled in England he was in fairly affluent circumstances. It is strange that with Mr. Gairdner's edition of Mr. Brewer's Prefaces before him, he should declare that the name of the father of Cromwell's wife is not known, and should demur to Mr. J. R. Green's statement that Cromwell sat in the Parliament of 1523. Another sentence that puzzles us is the remark that "it is only too probable that she [Anne Boleyn] was implicated in graver crimes [than those laid to her charge] which it did not

suit the Government to mention openly." What were these graver crimes of which Cromwell forbore to speak at the Queen's trial? Mr. Galton generally keeps clear of fine writing, but he indulges in a little flourish about Wolsey's monument and Nelson. "The centuries rolled slowly forwards. Drake was buried, and Marlborough and Chatham, but still the monument was empty." Where does he think Drake's body lies that he considers it strange that it was not placed beneath Wolsey's tomb? The "critical" portion of his essay contains some not very recondite reflections, such as that the suppression of the monasteries has conduced to the welfare of the nation, and that the work of Henry VIII. and Cromwell "was on the whole indispensable (*sic*); and what is more, it happened at the right moment." He speaks somewhat authoritatively on many matters, jeering, for example, at Mr. Froude, which, whether Mr. Froude be right or wrong in what he says, is in our opinion unbecoming in one who, for the most part at least, necessarily takes his ideas from others. And it is somewhat ludicrous to find this youthful critic pronouncing that, owing to the work of the Reformers, the Church lacks "the exquisite grace, the practical usefulness, and the refined piety which spiritual, self-devoted men and women might have imparted to it." We do not know whether the Damocles sword has yet descended on Mr. Galton's head, and as, in spite of his metaphor, he is evidently extremely self-complacent, we do not doubt that, if it has still to fall, he has good reason for not dreading the consequences; as a rule, however, we should recommend those over whom such swords are hung to make better preparation for their descent than by writing books.

#### THE DUC DE BROGLIE'S RECOLLECTIONS.\*

IN an apologetic preface Mr. Raphael Ledos de Beaufort explains that he mislaid the notes with which he intended to illustrate the text of his translation, but promises the reader that, if a second edition should be called for, they shall be given. Mr. de Beaufort has mislaid, we fear, more than his notes; he has mislaid his French dictionary and his English grammar. He is apparently ignorant—to take one example—that the word "journal" has two meanings in French, as in English, and represents the Duc de Broglie as quoting from a newspaper certain extracts which he gives from a private diary of a most personal, confidential, and domestic character. Mr. de Beaufort is unaware that a verb cannot govern a nominative case in English or in any other language. Even on the title-page there is a gross blunder. The period which the volumes cover is not from 1785 to 1820, but from 1785 to 1832. The work which has fallen into Mr. de Beaufort's hands is in itself so interesting that the misadventure which has committed it to him is very much to be regretted. Still, even through the deforming and slovenly vesture in which he is clad the dignified and interesting figure of the Duc de Broglie displays itself. Ulysses is not hidden by the beggar's rags.

The author of these memoirs, the father of the distinguished living bearer of the same title, was the grandson of the Marshal Duc de Broglie who figures as the "war god de Broglie" in Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and who, joining the emigration, died in the odour of legitimacy in 1804. His son, Prince Victor de Broglie, adopted what were known as constitutional principles, and, refusing to leave France, perished by the guillotine. The Princess Victor de Broglie married M. d'Argenson, a man of high character and liberal, and even revolutionary, views in politics, inclining to what would now be called Socialistic doctrines. The Duc de Broglie, who always speaks of his stepfather with the highest veneration and affection, obviously owed much to the moral training he received from him, though he afterwards modified, and even reversed, his political doctrines. The Duke was born in 1785. He began to write the recollections of his life in 1857, when he was considerably more than seventy years of age. In the year 1868 he had carried his Recollections up to the year 1832, a date at which the most important part of his career as a politician was yet to begin. In 1868 he was eighty-two years of age, but he looked forward with cheerful confidence to narrating the events of his Parliamentary and official career as Foreign Minister in 1832-33, and as Prime Minister as well as Foreign Minister in 1834-36. This, however, was not to be. The fell sergeant was prompter than the Duke, who died in 1870, two years after recording his intention to proceed with his memoirs, but without having taken a step towards its execution. The venerable patriot and statesman who had seen Paris occupied by foreign forces in his early manhood was spared a similar spectacle in his extreme old age. He had lived under two Republics; if he had lived a few months longer he would have seen a third.

The Duc de Broglie exhibits a type of character which has probably vanished from France, and which certainly retains no representative in the public life of that country. Indeed, it may be said to be disappearing, or to exist only in the form of a survival anywhere in Europe. The Duke bore as much resemblance to a Whig nobleman of the older school, aristocratic in feeling and liberal in opinion, as any man of French birth and training could do to a product so purely English. The Whig nobleman of the closing years of the last and the opening years of the present

\* *The Character and Times of Thomas Cromwell: a Sixteenth-Century Criticism.* By Arthur Galton. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. 1887.

\* *Personal Recollections of the late Duc de Broglie, 1785-1820.* Translated and edited by Raphael Ledos de Beaufort. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

century, who had been trained under Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh or had talked with Priestley, Price, or Bentham at Bowood, went through a discipline somewhat similar to that which formed the character of the Duc de Broglie. The son-in-law of Mme. de Staël, he was early brought under literary and political influences of an expansive and stimulating character. Benjamin Constant, and, in after years, Royer Collard, De Barante, Guizot, and others were the French equivalents of the Englishmen whom we have named, and of such such guides, philosophers, and friends of the Whig aristocracy as Sir James Mackintosh and Hallam. The Duc de Broglie bore a considerable resemblance in the somewhat severe and, as he himself designates it, morose cast of his character, to a well-known Whig type. He irritated Louis Philippe in the closet almost as much as George Grenville irritated George III., and he had almost as little faculty of adapting himself to men as Lord Grenville himself. It was Talleyrand, we think, who described him as having made himself disagreeable in all the capitals of Europe, where nevertheless he was as much respected as he was disliked. His attempts to be pleasant and sprightly were perhaps more unfortunate than his natural severity. The lightness of a heavy doctrine was conspicuous in him. The word *doctrinaire* defines the Duc de Broglie's position in French political history. It designated the group of young men who about the year 1816-17 gathered round Royer Collard, the apostle at once of English constitutionalism and Scotch metaphysics in France, teaching at the Sorbonne the philosophy of Dr. Thomas Reid, and applying in the Chamber to French circumstances the political wisdom of Burke. The word *doctrinaire* has become an epithet of contempt. It means simply that those who were designated by it had a system of thought, a scheme of opinion, a definite body of political principles. Unfortunately they did not recognize the fact that there might be more in the world of politics than was dreamed of in their philosophy, and, instead of enlarging their doctrine so as to meet new ideas, facts, and exigencies, they strove to fit these things into a rigid framework, arbitrarily excluding from it all that could not be packed conveniently within it. They have been charged with holding Liberal principles, but always, on one pretext or another, refusing to apply them; and there is some truth in the accusation. The fact is, the *doctrinaires* were in their places as the leaders of the Opposition under the reactionary Ministers of the Restoration. Their views were a proper qualification and enlargement of the constitutional monarchy under Louis XVIII. and Charles X.; but they were quite unequal to forming the working principles of the Monarchy of July. Whether the fault was in it or in them is not the question now. They upset the old system, but they could not adapt themselves to the new one. To this inevitable incident in the political development of France—it has had its frequent parallel when Whig leaders have been called to apply in office the principles they have asserted in Opposition—we may in some degree trace the mistakes and failures of the Duc de Broglie's successive Ministries and the final overthrow of the Monarchy of Louis Philippe under M. Guizot. The Duc de Broglie gives in these volumes many agreeable sketches both of French and English society, and of notable persons with whom he was thrown in relation on either side of the Channel. The rambling talk and confused repetitions of the Emperor Napoleon in the deliberations of the Councils General, and the personal and literary habits of Mme. de Staël and her coterie are described in passages full of interest. Benjamin Constant, General Foy, Henry Hallam, Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord John Russell, Lord Ellenborough, and Bobus (contracted into Bob) Smith, whom the Duke holds to have been intrinsically superior both to Canning and to his brother Sydney Smith, are a few among the many notable persons who enter a pleasant appearance in these pages.

#### ROME.\*

THE third volume of this interesting work brings us from the beginning of the present century down to the occupation of Rome by the Italians in 1870. As a record of the social life, manners, and gossip of a state of society which existed almost unchanged until the fall of the Temporal Power, it is unquestionably a most entertaining book. It is a pity, however, that Signor David Silvagni shows throughout so strong a party spirit that even the amiable Pius IX. is presented to us in a more unfavourable light than will be found in any other book we ever remember to have read. This spirit of partisanship makes one accept many of Signor Silvagni's anecdotes with some reserve. However, it is not saying too much of the book to declare that almost every page contains some entertaining reminiscence or anecdote. There are some curious stories about Canova, for instance, of which the following is perhaps the most striking. We do not remember to have seen it anywhere before. Canova was one day conversing, it seems, with the Emperor Napoleon about Florence. "Where has the monument to Alfieri been placed?" asked the Emperor. "In Santa Croce, Sire, in company with those of Michael Angelo and Machiavelli." "Who has paid for it?" "The Countess of Albany." "Who paid for Machiavelli's monument?" "A Society." "And for that of Galileo?" "His relatives, if I am not mistaken. I may perhaps tell your Majesty

that the church of Santa Croce is in a very bad state of repair, and that the roof lets in the rain. It would be a graceful act on the part of your Majesty to charge yourself with the care of these beautiful monuments; and if the Government appropriates the revenues of the Church, it is surely only right for the Government to maintain the fabric. The Duomo also needs restoration. I, therefore, beseech you, Sire, not to let the monuments in these churches be sold to the Jews." "Sold! No, no! The best of the things we will bring here." "No, Sire, leave them in Florence, I pray you. To remove them would be to destroy other things which are not transportable; and your Majesty, who is of Florentine origin, will surely respect the cradle of your family?" "But I am a Corsican," interrupted the Emperor. "Yes, but of Florentine origin; for Senator Alessandri, the President of the Academy, that has done so much for the advancement of art, asserts that in years gone by, a lady of his house, which is one of the most ancient in the city, married a Bonaparte. You are, therefore, partly an Italian, and we are proud to own you as such."

It was but a step from the Academy of Florence to that of San Luca, at Rome; and Napoleon, who always desired to pose as a second Mæcenæ, requested Canova to explain his views on the matter, and to give him a draft of rules for the reconstitution of the school, which he subsequently confirmed. Of Mme. Mère's economical tendencies we have an amusing anecdote. She was once rebuked by the Emperor for not spending her million francs a year. "I will spend it," she replied, cautiously, "on condition that you give me two." She lived in Rome for over twenty-two years, greatly respected by everybody. It is a curious fact that the Emperor always spoke to her in Italian, but wrote to her in French. There is not an Italian letter written by him to his mother extant, although he frequently wrote in that language to his sisters.

In his accounts of Roman fêtes and processions, Signor Silvagni gives some very interesting details of the costumes which the men and women of the lower class, and especially the peasantry, wore until about thirty years ago, which makes one regret that they have disappeared for ever. However much the Italian Government has improved the sanitary conditions of Rome by enlarging the streets and building new quarters, it cannot be congratulated on having entirely abolished the picturesque aspect of the city. It is no longer the Rome it was even in the days of Pius IX., during whose pontificate many changes took place, let alone the romantic city it was when the author of this book was a very young man. In the chapter devoted to Cardinal Antonelli, of whom some malicious things are told, we have an interesting sketch of the Duchess of Zagorolo, now Princess Rospigliosi. This lady was the daughter of M. de Champagny, Duke of Cadore, nephew of that Duke of Cadore who had been Minister to Napoleon I. She was a woman of much ability and spirit, and always knew how to accommodate herself to the times. She began by being most Liberal in politics; then, between 1856-59, she identified herself with the moderate party, and finally ended by becoming an Ultramontane of the Ultramontanes. Her receptions were attended by the noblest ladies in Rome. Among these were her sister-in-law, Margherita, Princess Rospigliosi, Princess Doria, a sister of Gwendoline Borghese, the lovely Princess Pallavicini, and her mother the Princess Pallavicini, still a beautiful woman, Princess Altieri, the Princess del Drago, daughter of the Count de Rianzares, and Queen Christina of Spain. The latter lived in Rome at the Palazzo Albani, and she was frequently seen in society. Besides the ladies already mentioned, the Duchess Zagorolo's circle included the Princess Borghese, née La Rochefoucauld, the glory of whose *salon*, however, was quite eclipsed by that of her friend the Duchess, the beautiful Princess Giustiniani Bandini, and the austere Princess Massimo, who, although strictly clerical, prided herself on never having received a Frenchman in her house. Of Antonelli himself we are told that he was a man of poor education but great natural acuteness. His memory was prodigious. He never forgot the smallest detail, and he spoke with such apparent sincerity as to lead men to believe him, even against their better judgment. Sometimes, however, when it was necessary to choose his words very carefully, he had a habit of continually interrupting himself by muttering the word *dunque* (which, translated into English, means "Then what?") But *Le* by no means always gave it in its usual signification. Sometimes it recalled a special point in his discourse, sometimes it served to connect one period with another. Again, he would murmur the word, as it were, in the middle of his throat, only the first syllable being audible, in a kind of confused sound, as though he were struggling to find adequate expression for his thoughts. But the listener waited in vain for the oracle to declare himself; for one *dunque* was succeeded by another until his Eminence had decided what to say.

Pius IX. never seems to have really liked Antonelli; and when he died, instead of being, as most people imagined he would have been, greatly affected, he simply shrugged his shoulders when he heard of the death, and said, "Do not let us speak of it any more." And it was remarked that he did not take the initiative in ordering a funeral to be celebrated. Miss McLaughlin has translated this book fairly well, but to literary style neither the original nor her translation makes the least pretence. It is simply a collection of gossip anecdotes, some original, but the majority already familiar to those who have lived much in Rome. The book, naturally enough, has given great offence in the ecclesiastical world of the Eternal City, and, it must be admitted, with

\* *Rome; its Princes, Priests, and People.* By Signor David Silvagni. Translated by Fanny McLaughlin. London: Elliot Stock. 1887.



cause. And, indeed, the author could have made himself quite as entertaining had he been a little more just and charitable. A great many things which offend him, and indeed would do so now even the most bigoted Papalino, were the result of bad education and of the times. "After all," said a famous French writer the other day, "the middle ages were only yesterday. It is barely a hundred years since we burnt for witchcraft." And so it is with Rome. Much that Signor Silvagni condemns perhaps his own father applauded.

#### A COMPANION OF THE KINGS.\*

MR. BEATTY-KINGSTON has often, he tells us, had occasion to "rub shoulders" with Royalty, but he remarks that none of the potentates with whom he has indulged in that exercise has ever asked him "to take pot luck" with him. We are ashamed of their majesties, and are almost constrained to address them in the words, slightly altered, of Thackeray's Molony:—

God save  
The Kings! they should better behave.

After a hard day's work, when a man's mind lies pleasantly fallow and his judgment has put on its dressing-gown and slippers, it is amusing enough to read these records of banquets, reviews, opening of exhibitions, and processions of royal brides and bridegrooms. It is better to picture and admire the gorgeous uniform of a Prussian Hussar of the Guard or the brilliant costume of a Magyar noble than to let one's thoughts dwell in actual vacancy. On such like matters the author of the book before us waxes enthusiastic and ecstatic. It is a pity that his style is not always as noble as his theme. When we read that the people of Nassau, before the unification of Germany, were "as comfortable as mosquitoes on a dead buffalo," or that the Emperor William is "as firm on his feet as a well-broken pointer, and as jovial as a beadle out for a holiday," we feel that we have somehow lost our way and got out of the throne-room or antechamber into the royal servants' hall. The Emperor of Germany is naturally the central figure in the long gallery of Mr. Kingston's royal acquaintances, and the anecdotes he tells of His Majesty are always interesting. Perhaps this one gives the keynote to his character better than a hundred pages of laboured analysis. One day, when he was closeted with a distinguished general, the sound of drums and fifes heralded the approach of a regiment of his guards. The Emperor, then King, buttoned his tunic hastily up to the throat, and pulled out from under it his order of military merit. The general expressed surprise that he should think it necessary to stand on ceremony with his own guards. "My soldiers," replied His Majesty, "have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not intend that they ever shall. For, let me tell you, it is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of an army." We find in these volumes a pretty story of the chivalrous kind-heartedness and readiness of resource of the princely gentleman who married the Crown Princess of England. In dancing a polka at the ball given in honour of Prince Humbert's marriage, the Princess of Piedmont's dress caught on the spur of an officer of Lancers. A great rent ensued, and a long wisp of gauze trailed on the floor. The German Prince produced a pair of scissors from a little morocco case, and kneeling down at the feet of the bride, skilfully cut away the wreck. The assistants were delighted, especially King Victor Emmanuel. "The whole merit of the idea, Sire," the Prince said modestly in reply to the royal compliments, "belongs to my wife"; and he went on to explain how the Crown Princess made him carry about with him an *étui* containing scissors, sticking-plaster, &c., "and," he added, "what took place just now only proved that I am a lucky fellow to have such a clever wife to look after me." The Prince then turned to Prince Humbert, and begged permission to keep the fragment of gauze as a souvenir of the bride. "Naturally Prince Humbert acceded to the gallant request, upon which the Crown Prince solicited the King's authorization to his courtly act of appropriation, and, having received a hearty affirmation, folded up his prize, and carefully put it away in his pocket-book." The narrator adds, "A pretty little story this, and the prettiest part of it is that it is strictly true." Mr. Beatty-Kingston went once to Rome to witness a great canonization of saints, and he went there again in the time of the Ecumenical Council. His intense—we had almost said his bigoted—dislike of priests and the Papacy did not prevent his having "an earnest desire to be received in audience by Pius IX.," whom he did not scruple to set right when he thought the Pontiff's definition of a word was incorrect. The Pope had said that he understood there were about seventy religions in England. "Pardon me, Holiness, not religions, but varieties of worship." At this interview the Pope made a pun "such as a waggish ecclesiastic might father without compromising his reputation for piety and decorum." The innocence and decorum of the joke are unquestionable. The waggishness is scarcely apparent. Of Victor Emmanuel, of the chivalrous, ill-fated Maximilian of Mexico, of Ismail Pasha, of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, of the Shah of Persia, of Napoleon III., and of the King of Greece the author has much to say, and a great deal of what he says is

pleasant reading enough. His favourite monarch is one who, in spite of his near connexion with our own Royal Family, is but little known to English folk generally. Mr. Kingston talks with even more than his wonted warmth of enthusiasm of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg's extraordinary personal qualifications for the distinguished posts—of what does the reader suppose? of general, commanding a corps d'armée, a division, a brigade? No. Was he a Heaven-born quartermaster-general? No. When the German headquarters lay, to use a good old soldier's word, at Versailles, Duke Ernest's great gifts caused him to be unanimously chosen Perpetual Chairman of the Mess "des zweiten Staffels," and President of the "Fuerstlicher Casino" in the Rue des Réservoirs. Here he told good stories, which reached Mr. Beatty-Kingston's ears at the second table, and some of which were addressed to himself. The *bon mot* he quotes, and which he says is "too brilliant not to find lasting (*sic*) record in print," seems to us to have been in very questionable taste, and, if spoken by a commercial traveller instead of by a prince, would, we venture to think, be generally considered vulgar. One day, as the "Zweite Staffel" was sitting at lunch, M. Thiers entered the room unexpectedly. The old statesman had a white hat with a black band, whereupon the witty Duke remarked to the author, "Schwarz-weiße, as I'm alive, like the Prussian flag." He then hummed the first two bars of "Ich bin ein Preuss'; kennst Du meine Farbe?" We are glad to hear that, when he had concluded his joke, which seems to us much less good-natured than that of Pope Pius and quite as devoid of humour, "he addressed the venerable French statesman very kindly."

Mr. Kingston tells us that the title he has chosen for his book restricts him to a record of his acquaintance with actual sovereigns; but he has plenty to say, if the public show by their appreciation of the present work that they would like to hear it, about "many Highnesses, Imperial, Royal, or Serene."

We shall be glad to welcome another volume or two of his amusing reminiscences.

#### THE GREECE OF TO-DAY.\*

IN the half-century that has passed away since King Otho was selected as the first to fill the throne of liberated Greece changes have taken place and advances have been made such as have been equalled during the same period by no country of Europe, even in this time of exceptionally rapid development. Mr. Cheston's little book of 130 pages describes in a clear and carefully tabulated form both the present state and the hopes for the future of this most interesting of countries, to which all cultivated people must look with a strong feeling of reverence, inspired by the sense that the Greece of the past was the chief cradle of the art, the literature, and even the political and social organizations of the present day.

Mr. Cheston gives a vivid and pleasant picture of modern peasant life in the country districts of Greece; his favourable estimate of the character of the people will be thoroughly endorsed by all travellers in Greece who have spent any time outside Athens—happily as yet the only place in the whole country which has developed any of the usual characteristics of large European cities. There is a great charm in the character of the Greek peasant; to a great extent he combines the industrial energy of the West with a simple-hearted hospitality which is usually only to be found among Oriental people.

The Greeks are a very sober, temperate race, free from servility of any kind, not inclined to bow down before wealth or social position, and consequently delightfully free from any taint of snobbery. By dint of hard work, even with the rudest forms of implements, they manage to extract rich harvests wherever the soil offers any encouragement to the labourer. Though not a rich country, Greece is almost free from cases of extreme poverty; the general level of well-being is widely distributed, and it is rare to find labourers who are totally dependent on the wages they earn. The tables which Mr. Cheston gives of the usual rates of wages, and of the average cost of necessities, show that the artisan class is very happily situated. Skilled labour, such as that of carpenters and masons, is paid at the rate of 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d. a day; while agricultural workers in the country receive 2s. 8d. a day; exceptionally good wages, considering the low cost of the chief necessities of life—such as wine at 1½d. per pint, bread at 1½d. per lb., meat at 5d., and tobacco at 1s. 6d. per lb. Considering these happy conditions of life, one cannot help doubting whether the further commercial development of the country by means of railways and factories, which Mr. Cheston hopefully looks forward to, is a thing really to be desired. The present state of things in more commercially advanced countries is not so happy that one would wish to see the peaceful simplicity of life in rural Greece broken in upon by the rude hand of the exploiting capitalist.

What is really wanted for the true welfare of Greece is a peaceful security from war alarms, and this is shown by the financial budget giving the cost of the recent military preparations which is printed by Mr. Cheston, who pays a well-deserved tribute of praise to the financial ability and the far-sighted honesty of the present Prime Minister, M. Charilaos Trikoupi. Some of the engineering schemes at present being carried out for the advantage of the country in various ways are of special interest, from the

\* *Monarchs I have Met.* By W. Beatty-Kingston, Commander of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh, Commander and Knight of various other Orders. Author of "Music and Masters" &c. &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

\* *Greece in 1887.* By Charles Cheston, M.A., Oxon. London: Wilson.

fact that they are a revival of enterprises which were originated during classical times. One of these is the working of the silver and lead mines at Laurium, which in the time of Solon and Pericles contributed so much to the prosperity and naval power of Athens. Of the two Companies now at work at Laurium, one only makes any fresh excavations; the other finds its profit in re-smelting the debris left by the ancient Greek miners, whose metallurgical skill was not sufficient to enable them to extract the whole of the metals from the ore. The richest veins of silver appear to have been worked out before the time of Alexander the Great; but the lead, iron, and manganese which remain in the debris of the old workings are still abundant enough to be a source of profit to the present owners of the royalties.

In a very short time the canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, which is to link the Adriatic and Ægean Seas, will be opened. This canal was begun by Nero in 67 A.D., but the work was soon abandoned after the excavation of a shallow sinking about 200 feet wide and 1,200 yards long. Mr. Cheston also gives an interesting description of another piece of engineering which was begun and abandoned in ancient times. This is the draining of Lake Copais, in Bœotia, at the brink of which stands the very ancient city of Orchomenos, with its great "Treasury," a rival to that of the Atreides at Mycenæ. This lake occupies a broad shallow basin, which, when drained and irrigated by a well-devised system of canals, will provide upwards of 60,000 acres of the richest soil for agricultural purposes. The draining of this great shallow tarn is a matter of no great difficulty, as it forms the highest of a chain of three lakes, the lowest of which reaches almost to the shore of the Eubœan Straits; three steps, as it were, in a great water staircase down to the sea. The water of Lake Copais is now being drained away by means of short canals connecting the three lakes with one another, an overflow being also cut from the lowest lake into the sea.

A great deal of other valuable matter is given by Mr. Cheston in a very condensed form, his book being devoid of any sort of padding. The whole subject is a very interesting one, and is treated by the author with the most admirable clearness of expression, and with a happy selection of the chief points which illustrate his analysis of the present material and social condition of the Greeks.

#### TWO SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BIOGRAPHIES.\*

WHEN two friends, one old, one new, present themselves, it is sometimes the fashion to accord first welcome to the new, sometimes not. In the present instance *place aux dames* gives the precedence in treatment, if not in arrangement of titles, to the old; while, as there is less to be said of it, it may for less ceremonious reasons be dispatched first. The charming *Life of Margaret Blagge*, the youthful love and only wife of Sidney Godolphin, who survived her more than thirty years without remarriage, has been well known since the Harcourt family, in whose possession the MS. was and is, induced Bishop Wilberforce, just forty years ago, to edit it. Colonel Harcourt has been well justified in re-editing it now in a very pretty form, with stricter attention to textual fidelity than the laxer principles on that point of the last generation made Bishop Samuel think it necessary to practise, and with a valuable and not excessive body of notes, genealogical and other, contributed by Mr. Holmes, of the British Museum. These last are particularly welcome, because of the evidence they give of that intermixture of the famous historic families of England which makes genealogies, to all persons of liberal education and historic sense, something very much more than "old wives' fables." In the five tables here given of the roots and branches of the Godolphin-Blagge tree occur, with many others only less famous, the names of Nevill, Jermyn, North, D'Arcy, Osborne, Churchill, Berkeley, Killigrew, Villiers, and Wodehouse. But the interest of Margaret Godolphin is very far from being limited to her connexion with great families, or her marriage with one of the greatest of English financiers and administrators. She died at six-and-twenty; but she had already had twelve years' experience of the most dissolute Court in the world, and had kept herself perfectly unsullied by it. When they gave her the part of Diana in the famous masque of *Calisto*—which has such a curious history attached to it of literary jealousy and patron's pettiness—it was no irony. Evelyn's own *Life of her* may have some things in it which tempt a modern reader to smile. He seems himself to have felt, in all honour and worthiness, the faintest little spark of jealousy of her husband (of whom he writes, "The singular and silent way of the lover whose gravity and temper you know so well"), and his purpose of exalting the saintliness of this English St. Margaret occasionally tends to throw a certain air of over-unctuousness and goody-goody sentimentality over the book. It is fair to remember, however, that the ascetic and ultra-devout temperament and ways here described were almost the only possible preservatives in a society which included and encouraged not merely *roué* gentlemen like the King, but *roués* without a fragment of what we should call gentlemanliness about them, like the immortal and ineffable blackguards who formed and nearly carried out the famous plot against

Anne Hyde. And many touches in the letters and reflections of this, in more than the titular sense, Maid-of-honour are delightful in themselves. "Let me consider," she writes, "without pretending to wit, *how quiet and pleasant a thing it is to be silent*!"—a blessed sentence, surely, in her sex. Neither is there anything of its kind more delightful than the account which Evelyn gives of the solemn ceremony of their platonic betrothal, as it may be called. It should be said that she was a girl of twenty, and he a staid married man of more than double her age. "Pray leave your complimenting," said she smiling, "and be my friend then and look upon me henceforth as your child." To this purpose was her obliging reply: and there standing pen and ink upon the table, in which I had been drawing something upon a paper like an altar, she wrote these words "Be this the symbol of inviolable friendship. Marg. Blagge, 16th October 1672." And underneath "For my brother E. . . ." And soe delivered it to me with a smile.

To those persons, however, to whom what has been called "the attraction of the unedited" is the first of all attractions, Dr. Jessopp's issue (in a very handsome volume, printed for subscribers in the first place) of the autobiography of Roger North will naturally have even more interest than the most charming of previously known work. Dr. Jessopp, unlike the bookmaker, but like some others of his own class, the class of really learned antiquaries, has paid his readers the compliment of presuming them to be better informed than, in some cases at least, they probably are. His notes, introductory and supplementary, contain much interesting information about the North family, about their vanished palace of Kirtling, about the correspondents whose letters to and from Roger North eke out the substance of this book, about the voluminous lawyer's life, after this Autobiography ceases to tell of it. But he has not, so far as we have noticed, mentioned the history and present abode of the MS. here printed (we believe it is in the British Museum), and he has not given (what modern laziness or ignorance, or both combined, might have found very useful) a distinct introductory essay on the life and work of the author generally. Now we suspect that, well as Roger North ought to be known to any generation of Englishmen, he is not, as a fact, particularly well known to the present generation, remarkable person as he was, and of a family so remarkable that their talents (including his own) have drawn reluctant acknowledgment from a judge so prejudiced as Macaulay against anybody who had the impudence to combine Toryism, brains, attachment to the Church of England, and respectable character. But Dr. Jessopp is nearly always original in everything that he does, and if he chose to abandon the usual "readmadeasy" plan of editors for another, he has an unusually good right to do so. His editorial apparatus, whether it is exactly the apparatus which the reader looked for or not, is always readable and edifying, and the matter which it serves to introduce to the world is matter which most assuredly ought not to have been allowed to linger some two centuries in MS. while rubbish of every kind has been pouring yearly and daily from the unashamed presses.

It would, of course, be easy to find points of view from which this autobiography, or, for the matter of that, any work of its author's, might be unfavourably criticized. He hardly attempts chronological, or any other method, and he carries the carelessness of grammar, style, and form which distinguished all the smaller and not a few of the greater writers of the generation immediately before his own (the generation which filled the middle of the seventeenth century in England) to such a pitch that, though it is never difficult to know what he means, it is constantly possible to wonder how so shrewd a man could possibly express his meaning so clumsily. Yet, as was usually the case at the same time, the gain in quaintness puts the loss in grace almost out of the reader's mind. Dr. Jessopp, perhaps wisely, has only kept the original spelling and punctuation in the first chapter, and we shall accordingly take our example from this:—

This as to drinking, to which I shall only add, that we were indulged full liberty of drinking small beer, as often as wee had a mind. For which end, there was always a stone-bottle kept going in our quarters, for every one to Resort too, and when empty, a servant replenish't it; which thing I mention, to shew the prudence used in giving appetite in ordinary and fitting things its full swing. For certainly Nature calls for that which is good for itself. And setting aside wantonness, which is easy to be perceived and may be as easily checked in children, their appetites are the best Indications of what is good for them. But there was another use made of this bottle, for our Mother would steal into it slices of Rubarb, and other Medicinall things she thought fitt for us, and wee came by use to like it so better then when plaine; which saved the ungratefull Importunity and Reluctance between parents and children about phisick, which generally is extrem odious to them; but this way, it was stole upon us, and not tainted with aversions, which I am perswaded, does more hurt then the medicin profits.

Our dyet was very plaine, and rather short then plentyfull, but often. Never indulged with bitts and curiosities. I have seen some so treated with seeming dayntys, as the medullas, braines and the like, that nothing ordinary would doome with 'em. This tends to deprave not only the appetite, but the fancy, and makes children grow meer fops in eating. We must be contented with what was assigned us or fast, and consequently never were tormented with vaine expectations of Dayntys, and the crying expostulations about what was not to be had, whereby yong things are cast into more paines, when they cannot be gratified, than can be compensated by any thing to be thought of or given them. So much is fondness mistaken, which oftener is the caus of paine then pleasure, where it is unreasonably applied.

A little before Roger has told us that the North family had very little inclination to fermented liquors—which is perhaps the less surprising if they associated these with the taste of "slices of rhubarb and other medicinal things," for that they really

\* *The Autobiography of the Hon. Roger North*. Edited by Augustus Jessopp, D.D. London: Nutt. Norwich: Goose. 1887.

*The Life of Mrs. Godolphin*. By John Evelyn. New edition, edited by E. W. Harcourt. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1887.



"liked it better so" we take leave to doubt. However that may be, the sample will prepare the instructed reader to anticipate (and delight in the anticipation of) the kind of stuff to be found in Roger's book. How he was brought up at home on the stone bottle and slice of rubarb system; how he went to school at Bury, and, being kept short of food, bought a calf, or at least was diddled out of his money in hopes of one; how he moved to Thetford and stole English verses for his exercises, and was "not very athletic," but liked "manufactures and gimcracks," especially fireworks; how he then went to Cambridge and lived "in the quality of a nobleman, but with a very strait allowance" (than which charitable souls who know University life will agree with him that nothing can be more wretched)—these are the chief incidents of his youth. But no part of the book is quainter and fuller of diversion. The uncomfortable disproportion of "quality," and as they then called it "exhibition," continued after he entered at the Temple; but, fortunately, his brother, the future Lord Keeper, stood by him. Then for a time he goes off from all intelligible outside history, and moralizes at large in a very odd fashion, returning not so much to any ordinary sequence of events, as to an account of his studies, which were more in physics than in law, and his amusements. Among these latter it may be noted that Roger North was one of the first of recorded English yachtsmen, and used for four years to spend much of his time on the Lower Thames, partly on visits of unsuccessful courtship to a young lady at Bellhouse, partly in pure yachting. Sometimes he went as far as Harwich, when "at midnight, in the air, the eating cold meat and bread and drinking small beer was a regale beyond imagination." That short sentence alone would show how well worth making acquaintance with is the Honourable Roger North, sometime steward of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Solicitor-General to the Duke of York, Attorney-General to the Queen, executor to Sir Peter Lely, &c. &c. &c.—of whose acts and deeds in all these capacities and many others, with no small store of matter on other men and things in the realm of England during his time, this volume doth contain abundant and delightful mention.

#### MINOR TACTICS FOR VOLUNTEERS.\*

THE student of tactics, when he first begins to read his subject, finds himself face to face with two difficulties. In the first place, the literature he is recommended to peruse is contained in a large number of (often) expensive volumes; and, in the second place, the forces assumed in the various problems dealt with, and in the instances described, are far larger than any that he can ever hope to command. This is more especially true with respect to those for whom the present little manual has been compiled. A Volunteer subaltern or non-commissioned officer knows perfectly well that it would be a strange freak of fortune indeed, if ever he were called upon to command an army corps, or even a division; and, unless he intends to make a fairly complete study of tactics, either for his own satisfaction or for examination purposes, it is a pity that he should have to read through a large quantity of matter which can apply to him only indirectly. The principles of tactics, it is true, are the same for large and small bodies of troops, but their application is very different. And it is only given to a few to be able to see at a glance how the same methods which will give the greatest tactical advantages to an army, are applicable to the movements of half a company.

Captain Bloomfield's book is intended for the Volunteer who, while honestly desiring to improve himself, does not feel justified in embarking on a wide course of military reading. If the Volunteer is an officer, he may wish ultimately to pass his examination in tactics, but he may wish to know at once enough to enable him to act with confidence if left to himself. If he is a non-commissioned officer, he has no inducement to learn more than what may be of practical service to himself. At any given moment a company officer or a non-commissioned officer may find himself called upon to act on his own responsibility in cases where all the knowledge he has acquired on the parade-ground is no more useful to him than facility in playing five-finger exercises. If he stops to think, to evolve some system out of his inner consciousness, even if he is cool enough to be able to think, the precious minutes fly away. The calmest-headed man in the world can have no presence of mind at a crisis the real nature of which he is quite ignorant of; and to the most nervous and excitable a firm self-confidence can be given by the instinctive certainty that a particular course of action is the right one to follow.

This little work will also be of great assistance to Volunteers in many situations if they will not merely skim it, but carefully fix in their memory the lessons it teaches. It is short and clearly written, and at the same time covers most of the ground. We are very glad to see that the author is delicately sarcastic as to the extraordinary rule laid down in the Field Exercise for sentries on outpost duty patrolling by day. We wish, however, that, when on the subject of outposts, he had laid down a simple method of telling off a picket to its various duties, with their reliefs. It is a thing difficult to do neatly and rapidly. There is no real system described "by authority." And the result is that delay and muddle often ensue, which are both tiring and trying to the men as well as injurious to their confidence in their officers.

\* *The Elements of Minor Tactics for the Use of Volunteers.* By Captain C. J. Bloomfield, Adjutant 1st Volunteer Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers.

We wish, too, that he had devoted a short space to improvising defences for small buildings, enclosures, &c. In spite, however, of these slight omissions—which, in our opinion, would have made the book more valuable from the point which the author has aimed at—we can recommend it to that large class of Volunteers, officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, who are seeking for sound practical knowledge, as well as to any of the general public who wish to take an interest in military science.

#### PRINTS.

THE days are over when the child with a turn for art had to depend on the rough cuts, "a penny plain, twopenny coloured," of *Cock Robin* or *Jack the Giant Killer*. If the efforts now being made to instruct children in taste be successful, we may expect in a generation or two to produce a Raphael, or, as some may think still better, a Leonardo. The last device of which we have heard is the decoration of a ward in a hospital. An example may be seen at the Belgrave Hospital for Children, near Warwick Square, where the medical ward is specially fitted with a dado of sliding panels for the reception of old high-art tiles, given by a kindly disposed collector. There are many pictures in the Ormond Street and London Hospitals also. The Art for Schools Association is apparently flourishing, and, with its Report, sends us some specimens of the prints it disseminates. They are all autotypes from good engravings, and are calculated to interest and instruct both children and their elders. The series of historical portraits includes copies of Vandyke's Charles I., his Queen and his children, of Strafford and Laud; and among Holbeins and Mores includes a complete series of the Tudor family, together with Sir Walter Raleigh and William Shakspeare. All these portraits are familiar to most of us; but it is to be presumed that children in schools are unacquainted with them, and will be the better for knowing how the great folk looked of whom they are reading. Pure art is represented by some of Raphael's cartoons and by some chromolithographs; but so far, it would seem that the teaching of history rather than of art has been the object of the Association.

Autotypes of a wholly different character are in the series of "Etampes Miniature," issued by Messrs. Bousso & Valadon, who send us a dozen very charming examples, comprising a moonlight sea-piece by M. Weber, "Foes or Friends," by Mr. P. R. Morris (children frightened by fallow deer), and M. Vautier's "Bienvenue," an exquisite little print, full of detail, but perfectly clear. There are several prints from pictures of the regular French Salon type, of which we have had time to get rather tired. When the French artist can think of nothing else he paints his model, as a model, taking us behind the scenes in his studio, and showing us all the machinery. Many people do not care for the seamy side of the canvas; but skill, of course, carries off much that would otherwise be objectionable. "La Fleur Préférée," by M. Worms, in which the old man descants upon his flowers, while the young man watches his daughter, is a little comedy in itself; and two delicate little pictures, "Le Saut de Loup" and "Déjà Parti," should also be mentioned as full of grace and sentiment.

Mr. Whistler's "Notes" are published by the same firm, and every one of them will repay the most careful study. In some Mr. Whistler is almost at his best, and to say that is to say much. Indeed we may find an opportunity of recurring in more detail to these excellent "Notes."

The same publishers also send us a clever, but somewhat rough, etching after Millet of "Une Baratteuse." The woman churning is accompanied by a very ill-drawn cat; but the etching, which is by M. Eugène Forner, is, as an etching, of the highest technical quality. The question is, Was it worth the trouble? A curious little example of the marvellous Goupil process is afforded in another print after the same artist, a facsimile of a landscape sketch in water-colour. The scene is pretty, and in the foreground a child is driving some geese into a pond. It is almost impossible to distinguish this print from a water-colour drawing.

Messrs. Bousso & Valadon have also issued a beautiful print in their photographic mezzotint style, of M. Bouguereau's picture of the "Flight into Egypt." The present print renders the original very happily as to colour and "values," as artists say.

A large print has been published of the picture of "England v. Australia," which will be heartily welcomed by cricketers. The portraits of the chief personages who figure at a match at Lord's are by Mr. Barrable and Mr. Ponsonby Staples. The engraving, which is accompanied by a key, and by a number of miniature portraits of eminent cricketers, is published by Messrs. Bousso & Valadon.

#### GREEK LIFE AND THOUGHT.\*

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY has done much to spoil a good subject and a fine opportunity. He has not succeeded in making a dull nor a worthless book, but he has displayed so much doubtful taste and such inconsistency that people will read him with less pleasure and instruction than he might easily have given. His topic is the condition, political, social, literary, of the Greek world between the death of Alexander and the fall of Corinth. It

\* *Greek Life and Thought; from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest.* By J. P. Mahaffy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

is a vast and wandering theme, but that is not the fault of the author, who brings a great deal of order into the chaos of shifting kingdoms and flitting dynasties. Perhaps even more political and historical information than Professor Mahaffy imparts will be needed by the reader who wishes thoroughly to understand the development of life and literature. But to have written more fully about wars, diplomacy, and dynasties, might, in turn, have obscured the chief topics of interest. An attentive student—if such a character survives—will not find it very difficult, by the assistance of Mr. Freeman and of Professor Mahaffy's own copious chronological tables, to fill in the historical outline. He truly says that in English Universities the affairs of the Greek world after Chæronæa have been much neglected. But we understand that Polybius, his book, and his times, are now the subjects of special study in the schools at Oxford. This is a new thing, and might temper the vigour of Professor Mahaffy's attacks on "pure scholars" as they are pleased to call themselves. He throws many a pebble at these unlucky victims, who do not seem more nefarious than other necessary specialists. Professor Mahaffy should remember that no studies can be vigorous which do not keep a certain high standard of correctness. A smatterer may be a very ingenious and even a useful pioneer. He may put forth a number of novel theories, and there may be something in some of them. But many of his theories may be based on simple grammatical errors, on schoolboy failures to construe familiar Greek texts. For the discomfort of the clever smatterer, and for the security of letters, nature has produced certain "pure scholars," men sometimes, perhaps, of narrow interests, but of sound learning, who go about correcting the errors of the casual pioneer. Instead of being angry with these critics, the scholar who is ingenious and inaccurate ought to be grateful to them in their province. They may make no large discoveries, but at least they remove the mare's nests of rapid ingenuity. They in their turn may bear with the explorer, who may conceivably deviate into new and right paths every now and then.

The literary and the social parts of Professor Mahaffy's book are the most interesting. We are set to examine the alterations which the Macedonian conquests and the decline or overthrow of city states produced in the poetry and the social economy of Greek-speaking peoples. The examination might have been more profitable had Professor Mahaffy been more sparing in political or social or personal analogies, and in literary and personal taunts. The resemblances between the literary society of Alexandria and the literary society of our own time, or of Queen Anne's, are so manifest that they can escape nobody. Literary quarrels, literary cliques, literary discussions; the display of learning, the decay of epic, the growth of experiments in form, those were familiar to the men of the Museum, as to the men of Oxford, or London, or Dublin. But Professor Mahaffy would have written better on those topics and in better humour if he had not been a man of literary war himself from his youth up, or if he could forget for a moment his private feuds.

"Only pedants talk about pedantry," says a great Frenchman. If this be true, the inference about Professor Mahaffy seems unavoidable and distressing. The word "pedants" drops from his pen as often as pearls and rubies dropped from the lips of the girl in the fairy tale. He calls Theocritus a pedant! Theocritus "rejoiced the pedants by putting them into pastoral dress." Thus Daphnis and Menalcas, and Battus and Corydon, are pedants, we presume, "pedants among sand-hills." Theocritus himself was "a pedant of Alexandria." Would that Dublin produced pedants of the same qualities! Professor Mahaffy's love of talking about pedantry has probably led him into his inconsistencies about Theocritus. His poems "give us no more idea of the ordinary manners of the lower classes in Egypt or Sicily, where most of the scenes are laid, than the *Comus* or *Lycidas* of Milton do (the worthy Professor means 'does') of the shepherd life of England in the seventeenth century." No criticism could be more incorrect. It is probable that the scene of the Fourteenth Idyl is Alexandria. Does it or does it not give a clear idea of the manners of the mercenaries who took service with Ptolemy? The manners in the famous Fifteenth Idyl are incontestably Alexandrian. Professor Mahaffy says in a note that "the famous sketch of the Alexandrian women in the Fifteenth Idyl was borrowed from Sophron, a far earlier author." Now the notion of making two women describe a scene may have been borrowed from Sophron; but how could the local touches, of whose absence the Professor complains, have been taken from the *Isthmianæ*? Corinth is not Alexandria. The other idyllic scenes in Theocritus are almost always laid either in Sicily or in Southern Italy. They give us "no idea of the manners of the lower classes" (p. 221). But (p. 281) "his pictures of pastoral life, so far as they are really taken from nature, were not Hellenistic, but universal to that kind of life; and there is no traveller who wanders through Calabria, or Sicily, or the Cyclades, who does not report to us Theocritean scenes as of everyday occurrence." Then how can Professor Mahaffy have the audacity to say that Theocritus gives us no idea of the ordinary manners of the lower classes? Why, he admits that every traveller in Theocritean lands—Sicily, Calabria, and the isles—finds the Theocritean life unchanged. Can he have forgotten that Calabria is one of the countries familiar to Theocritus, of whom he actually declares that "he was all his life a Court poet"? The very *Volklieder* of Romic peasants to-day are often identical in tone and incident with snatches of song in the Idyls. But per-

haps the Romic peasants are "pedants," and when travellers talk of pastoral life they must mean the life pedantic. But Theocritus (p. 283) "sought to represent ordinary life and language as closely as true art would permit, and succeeded by means of his admirable realism," says Professor Mahaffy, in a conditional sentence it is true, but apparently expressing his own opinion for the moment. The truth is that, in the Sixth Idyl, some men of letters do masquerade as hinds; but as a rule the shepherds of Theocritus are drawn from nature, from a mode of life not yet extinct in happier lands and under kinder skies than ours. Professor Mahaffy's inconsistent criticisms arise from his inability to shake himself free from the memory of petty literary broils. He has feuds like other scribes; he calls his enemies pedants; he gets it into his head that Theocritus was a pedant because he lived for some time in a literary society; and so the Professor falls into hopeless confusions. The sand of the sandhills of Alexandria blinds him to the beauty of Sicily and Calabria. There could be no better illustration of the mischief done by the literary squabbles of professors. Their vision is darkened by personal prejudices which have nothing whatever to do with the matter in hand. When writing about Callimachus and Apollonius Professor Mahaffy writes much more intelligently. These men really were professional persons of letters, like Professor Mahaffy; and, though they were also poets, their poetry was corrupted by what may be not unjustly called their pedantry. But of Theocritus all that is immortal is as pure as the best songs of Burns. It is a minor matter that Professor Mahaffy's view of the *Anthology* is also dimmed by his inability to keep King Charles's head out of the memorial. "Pedants" come between him and Meleager. He is almost of Lord Chesterfield's mind about the *Anthology*, which, by the way, is as far as possible from being wholly Alexandrian. "No study seems to me more wearisome and profitless than the *Anthology*. There are, it is true, brilliant gems there, but in a bank of mud, or worse than mud." Probably no collection of amatory poems of equal bulk is so free from "mud" as the *Erotica* in the *Anthology*. But Professor Mahaffy says, "not to speak of obscenity, there is such obvious artificiality, such posing, such false joy and grief, such sacrifice of substance to form, that the soul of the reader which thirsts after the real companionship of other souls is like the despairing Dido in her dreams:—

Semper longam incomitata videtur  
Ire viam et Tyrios deserta querere terra."

We had thought that the *Anthology* rang with brief cries from the lips and the hearts of men long dead, and, save for those ejaculations, unremembered. But the thought of the *Anthology* does but lead Professor Mahaffy back into his incessant lamentations about "the correct pedagogue more prized than the careless explorer." Why on earth should the explorer be careless? The careful explorer is always prized, but where would have been the profit in a careless Darwin, or a harum-scurum Newton? One might as well prize an incorrect pedagogue, of whose pranks a few examples may be found in the work of Professor Mahaffy.

In politics and history, Professor Mahaffy manages to steer more clear of bluster about the merits of inaccuracy, and the wickedness of knowing things correctly. Here his chief defect is a desire to pitch into Home Rule where the subject does not lend itself to any discussion of that agreeable topic. The Greek States and patriots of the time of Demosthenes clung to all that had made the life of Hellas, to the old city state. The new idea of union under Macedon was hateful to them. They fought a losing fight; the nature of things was against them. But, if men are never to fight in a forlorn cause, every cause will quickly be deserted as forlorn. By some queer mental obliquity, Professor Mahaffy seems to see that the struggle for a free Athens is analogous to the fight for Home Rule, and that Unionists ought to be partisans of Macedon. The leaders of the resistance in Athens were old; there is a noted old man on the side of Home Rule. Polybius talked about the forlorn cause of Macedonian independence from Rome much as Professor Mahaffy talks about the forlorn cause of Athenian independence from Macedon. But the Professor is on the side of the Macedonian patriots, while his sympathy is not with the patriotic orators of Athens. Perhaps the orators have suffered in his esteem from his opinion of certain of their editors. This is not the historical temperament. Not more consistent is the Professor's theory that great private fortunes won in the East caused "artificial poverty" in Greece, while he attributes the rise of Acarnania and Ætolia to wealth caused by great private fortunes won in the East (pp. 5, 8). Why adventurers who brought gold to Sparta or Athens should have made Athens or Sparta poor, while adventurers who brought gold to Ætolia or Acarnania made Acarnania or Ætolia rich, does not now appear. Professor Mahaffy takes the distinction that the northern countries were poor before. He may remember who said that "Poverty was ever the mate of Hellas" in general. One more example of the Professor's consistency. He doubts the accuracy of Dicaearchus when that author lays stress on the differences in character and manners of the people of various Greek cities (p. 118). "This tedious itching to describe types infects," says the Professor, gracefully, "the fragments of a tour in Greece left us under the name of Dicaearchus." But (p. 103) the Professor talks very learnedly about "the isolation of Greek cities up to the time of Alexander, an isolation which made any stranger walking in a Greek town, if not disliked, at least remarked or ridiculed as provincial or odd. . . . The comic poets tell us that a dinner-



party at Thebes was totally different from one at Athens." Then Dicaearchus was probably right, unless the comic poets were wrong, and "infected with a tedious itching."

These are instances of Professor Mahaffy's defects in taste, consistency, and correctness. They diminish the pleasure taken by a reader in a book which has many respectable qualities, which covers a period too unfamiliar, and which is illustrated from new sources, such as the Egyptian demotic writings translated by M. Revillout.

#### SOME ARTISTIC PUBLICATIONS.

THE November part of the *Art Journal* (Virtue & Co.) contains an admirable engraving as a frontispiece, after Gérôme's famous picture, "Consulting the Oracle"—Napoleon Bonaparte on horseback before the Sphinx, his army deploying in the background. The only fault to be found with this interesting picture is that the French army deployed entirely at the other side of the Sphinx; but that is a small matter. The number opens with an account of the Guildhall, in which Mr. Loftie takes the opportunity of airing his not very popular views as to the guilds of London—denying, in fact, that any of those institutions exist. The illustrations are good. Mr. Leland writes on "Decorating Horns," and Mr. Kitton on Girtin, the water-colour painter, the article being illustrated with four woodcuts, including a view of the artist's broken tombstone. Girtin was only twenty-seven when he died. "Had Tom Girtin lived I should have starved," said Turner. There are many pretty woodcuts in Mr. Claude Phillips's entertaining paper on Verona. Mr. Beaver writes on Robert Streeter, a "forgotten English painter," and Miss Kingsley on Embroideries. Altogether this is a solid and attractive number.

*The Woman's World* (Cassell & Co.) is entirely written by women—may we say "ladies"?—but edited by Mr. Oscar Wilde, who deserves the credit of having got together a very representative staff of authors for his first number. The Coombe Wood Pastoral Plays furnish subject for the first article, which is by Lady Archibald Campbell, and for the scene from the "Faithful Shepherdess," which is the frontispiece of the number. The other cuts are of unequal merit; but that on p. 5, "Adieu! good Monsieur Melancholy," is very pleasing, the figures and the landscape agreeing admirably. Miss Thackeray writes about "Madame de Sévigné's Grandmother," Lady Portsmouth about the "Position of Woman," and Mrs. Francis Jeune about poor children. A new novel, *The Truth about Clement Ker*, is commenced by Miss "George Fleming." The article on "November Fashions" is illustrated so prettily that even husbands who have to pay the milliner's bill may like to look at it.

We have received Parts XI. and XII. of *English Art in the Public Galleries* (Boussoad, Valadon, & Co.) They contain articles on Collins, Mulready (by Mr. Woolner), Leslie, Lance, Newton, and Macise (by M<sup>rs</sup>. Sitwell). The illustrations are excellent and numerous. Mulready's "Kensington Gravel Pits" has an archaeological as well as an artistic interest. "Crossing the Ford" is well rendered; but we are sorry to miss the most charming of all Mulready's works—"The Sonnet."

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

ISMAY THORN, in *Right Onward; or, Boys and Boys* (Shaw & Co.), has given us a good story, full of interest and full of good moral lessons for boys; its happy ending prevents us from criticizing it as being too sad for young people, though we still think it a pity to put too much of the sadnesses of life before them. The story of a child who suffers from not being understood is apt to put the romance of being one of those martyrs too temptingly before a boy or girl who is given to being morbid. Here the hero, Theodore Rivington, is an only son. His mother is dead, and his father, Sir Lionel Rivington, though devoted to his boy, is not so sympathetic as he might be; and, what with being a "man of his word" and too busy to enter into all his son's pursuits and ideas, is constantly fretting Theodore, who has no one to fall back upon for comfort and counsel but his old nurse. Then a time comes when, delicate as he is, every one who cares for him sees that he must go to school; and, as he is not strong enough for a public school, he is sent to a private tutor's. Here he has many trials, which at first he overcomes bravely enough; but at last he gets under bad influence, and is led away. Luckily, his love for his father and confidence in him saves him from going to the bad altogether, and his friendship for two of his school-fellows helps him through his difficulties. The story is perhaps a little too much spun out, but it keeps up its interest to the end. The illustrations are very prettily imagined and well drawn.

*Under the Storm; or, Steadfast's Charge*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (National Society's Depository), is a book full of adventure, mixed with the sentiment in which Miss Yonge is always prone to indulge. She introduces the story in this way:—"We hear a great deal about King and Parliament, great lords and able generals, Cavaliers and Roundheads; but this story is to help us to think how it must have gone in those times with quiet folk in cottages and farmhouses"; and she goes on to give the history of enough thrilling vicissitudes to fill a three-volume novel which befall the family of John Kenton, a farmer, who is

killed by the rebels in the beginning of the story. Jephthah, the eldest son, joins the "Parliament soldiers," whilst Steadfast remains to take care of his sisters and little brother, who, being all ousted from their home, take refuge in a cave. How Jephthah prospered in the worldly sense of the word, and what trials and struggles Steadfast went through, we will leave the readers of *Under the Storm* to find out for themselves.

*A Promise Kept*, by M. E. Palgrave (National Society's Depository), tells at some length about a boy who begins his life by giving up his place as a public schoolboy to a younger brother, on account of his father and mother being too poor to be able to afford such an education for both their sons, and who goes on getting higher and higher aims in life, encouraged by an enthusiastic girl friend; and finally decides that to be a missionary is the only way of carrying out to the letter the "Divine Teacher's proclamation of what following Him might involve." Although he is for some time prevented from carrying out his aspiration, by the failing health of his father and mother, after their death he succeeds, but the enthusiastic girl who is to be his helpmate fails him in the end. She has not courage enough to give up her father or mother or the comforts of her life for her lover's sake, and finds her vocation in life in an English home. In *A Promise Kept* both sides of the question of self-sacrifice are put fairly enough forward, though to emotional young people the self-abnegation of becoming a missionary may be put in too fascinating a form, tempting them to feel that it comes even before the duty of home missions.

*Uncle Ivan; or, Recollections of Fifty Years Back*, by M. Bramston (National Society's Depository; New York: Thomas Whittaker) is a charming little book, and one that must give pleasure to boys and girls, not to mention any of their elders who may take it up to pass an idle hour. The story begins in Russia and ends in England, and tells of a family of children whose father, Mr. Burnside, was a Scotchman, and whose mother was a Russian, and who have a delightful Uncle Ivan, their mother's brother, to whom they are all devoted. Unluckily, however, he is "the Secretary of the Patriotic Society," and has to fly to England for safety, where, after his wife's death, Mr. Burnside and his children go to live. There is an amusing account of "Aunt Plummer," who tries to manage the children and rule her brother's household. The first thing she reforms is her niece's dress.

The first things she ordered for us were spencers of thick black silk for our walking dress, but she would not let us have what we wanted either in colour or shape, shaking her head at our requests, as if we had asked for something improper. Leslie was the only one of us who looked well in blue, for Olga and I were darker, and mamma had always kept Leslie in blue ribbons and us in pink, a distinction which had been continued by Elizabeth; but Aunt Plummer put us all three into blue. Pink, she said, was a more worldly colour than blue. We discussed among ourselves why this should be the case, and could only arrive at the decision that blue was the colour of the sky, and therefore might be supposed to have to do with heaven, while pink was only the colour of roses and things which grew on the earth.

"Then," said Leslie, "I should have thought she would always wear blue herself; but she wears brown or purple—not a bit the colour of the sky."

"Dull colours," I said, "I suppose can't be worldly, because they are the colour of the ground, and people are buried in the ground; but if you have anything bright at all, then only sky-colour is not worldly."

Miss Bramston is evidently a deep sympathizer with children in all their joys and woes—so great and important to them, however trivial they may seem to us. In *Uncle Ivan*, however, two little girls play an important part, and, by their loyalty and strict obedience, save their beloved uncle's life. *Uncle Ivan* bids fair to be one of the prettiest and most favourite of our Christmas books.

*Sukie's Boy*, by Sarah Tytler (Hodder & Stoughton) is one of Miss Tytler's interesting stories about the labouring class. Miss Tytler has the rare gift of being able to take her readers into the scenes which she depicts, and of making them thoroughly enter into the lives of the characters she describes, writing, as she does, plainly and simply, and herself thoroughly understanding the ins and outs of the lives in the class she loves to "tell about." In *Sukie's Boy* the scene is laid in a quiet little country town, the home of a watchmaker and his family, which family consists of two daughters and a son, the mother having died, in middle life, before the story begins. Sukie Cope, the eldest daughter, who looks after the household, is described as being "homely and kindly in character. In person she was plain. . . . Her figure was clumsy, and the clumsiness had been increased by the circumstance that Sukie had, from the beginning of her mother's ailment, taken the whole work of the house on her shoulders and so slouched and rounded them." The second daughter Kitty in person was "tall and spare, with a certain refinement the reverse of boxiness about her straight-featured, colourless, black-eyed, black-haired, prim face," whilst Miles the son was a "thoughtless, careless, not uncomely young fellow." After many years of uneventful life, Kitty marries a fascinating, but good-for-nothing, friend of Miles, and Miles a useless, untidy girl, a grade lower than himself, who dies in a wretched state when her first baby is born. This baby is "Sukie's boy," whom she adopts and brings up in the rightest of right ways. How Kitty's husband deserts her and goes off to America with Miles, how she and her little son come to live in the old home, how different in character the two boys grow up, and how Kitty's boy dies, how Sukie's boy brings home a wife who does not get on with the two aunts, and, finally, how they all become firm friends and are reconciled to each other in the end, resolving to put up with each other's failings, is all told in Miss Tytler's most interesting style.

R. M. Ballantyne, in *The Kitten Pilgrims; or, Great Battles and Grand Victories* (Nisbet & Co.), has given us one of the prettiest children's books we have seen. It is a tiny *Pilgrim's Progress*, which will at once amuse (for it is very amusingly told) a child and fire it with the ambition to imitate the two brave little kittens who are sent out by their mother on a pilgrimage to fight against the Worm Sloth, the Monkey Fun, the Rhinoceros Sulky Face, the Peacock Pride, the Griffin Rage, the Octopus Untruth, the Wasp Discontent, the Greedy Toad, the Stork Ignorance, and the Giant Self, and who return victorious, after many adventures and much hard fighting. The illustrations in this little book are very well done, and show that Mr. Ballantyne is as good at telling his story by his drawing as by his pen, which is saying a great deal.

*Goldengates; or, Rex Mortimer's Friend*, by M. L. Ridley (Shaw & Co.), tells us about a boy called Rex Mortimer, whose mother dies when he is born, and whose father leaves him and his beautiful place Goldengates to the care of a maiden aunt. His greatest friend is his foster-brother Harry Leeward, and his greatest trouble is being separated from this friend when his father comes home after fourteen years' absence. The idea of a squire's son being friendly with "an ordinary captain's son" was so galling to the father's pride that he puts a stop to it as soon as possible. Of course it ends, after many adventures on both sides, in Harry Leeward being able to save Rex Mortimer's life and "the Squire" coming "to his senses."

*For Half-a-Crown*, by Esmé Stuart (National Society's Depository; New York: Thomas Whittaker), is a pretty little story of an old woman who sees a poor, wretched little girl being ill-treated by an Italian organ-grinder who pretends to be her father, and takes her about to dance and get money for him. The old lady buys the poor little girl for half-a-crown, and brings her up to be the comfort of her life. There are some very quaint bits in *For Half-a-Crown*. Mrs. Chemmo, the kind old lady, has a daughter-in-law whom she always thinks of as "The poor thing," the daughter-in-law being a "delicate, complaining woman, very fine in her ideas"; however, when she is talking to her son about his wife Mrs. Chemmo turns "The poor thing" into "Everybody," when she inquires after her, for she and her son "both understood that a great deal of the happiness of Bob depended upon the frame of mind in which Everybody had got up."

*The Lads of Lunda*, by Jessie M. E. Saxby (Nisbet & Co.), is a collection of tales of boys' adventures, the scene of which is laid in the Shetland Isles, and is sure to attract the adventure-loving boy.

*Acting on the Square: a Schoolboy's Diary*, by Harriett Boulwood (Shaw & Co.), is another book likely to prove fascinating to a boy; whilst *Barbara: a Story of Cloud and Sunshine*, by Clara Vance (Hodder & Stoughton), and *The Old Violin; or, Charity Hope's Own Story*, by Edith C. Kenyon (Nisbet & Co.), are stories that many girls will like, though there is nothing strikingly original in either of them.

Cassell's *Little Folks*, a Magazine for the Young (Cassell & Co.), is, if possible, fuller than ever of stories, pictures, rhymes, descriptions, puzzles, &c. which must delight our little folks, and keep them quietly amused for many an hour in the long winter days and evenings.

We have received a variety of Collins's Diaries for 1888. The Scribbling Diary, which is the size of foolscap paper, interleaved with blotting paper, is to be recommended for use in a household, though the *Portable*, the *Gem*, the *Pocket*, and the *Handy* diaries, being small and less common-looking, will be more attractive.

Bemrose's twelve little Monthly Diaries are also useful, as each part can easily be kept in a pocket-book without adding much to its bulk.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE November *Les Lettres et les Arts* (Boussod et Valadon) has for frontispiece an admirable etching, if not a particularly beautiful picture. The illustrations to Mr. Bret Harte's tale, which is Frenched "L'Épave de Bois-Rouge," can hardly receive equal praise, the execution being ordinary and the conception in M. Robida's way, but unluckily without intending to be so, which makes all the difference. Some pretty verses of M. Barbey d'Aurevilly's (who does not often drop into poetry), with pretty head- and tail-pieces, are followed by a long and gossiping paper on the châtelines of the middle ages, whereunto M. Lynch contributes a well-composed nudity which need not shock anybody, while there are several excellent reproductions of manuscript illuminations. Then we have a "clair-de-lune" *Harmonie du soir*, in notes and colours, and an instalment of "Les princesses artistes," the chief, though not the most attractive, decoration of which is a full-page reproduction of the well-known and rather hard-featured portrait of Hortense Beauharnais. It is a pity that the lamented Schœnauer did not live a little longer to see the paper on his favourite subject of "Le Bleu." Perhaps "The Camargue" is getting the least thing overdone now.

The memoirs of Rattazzi, of which the second volume has just appeared (1), supply a pretty good example of a class of book common nowadays, and both too popular and too well established for it to be worth while to say anything against the class as a

class in a brief notice. It is of the class of books which, if not exactly substantive, supply a great deal of illustrative matter about a large number of subjects. It is usual to say that the historian of the nineteenth century will find such books useful, and he certainly will, though he may groan under the burden of them. Meanwhile, less painful persons may read some of them (by no means all) with amusement and profit. The present volume may fairly claim to be of the "some."

At first sight M. Matyas Vallady's book on *Les deux races* (2) may seem likely to be but one of the innumerable studies à la Tissot with which, to the disgust, if not to the surprise, of impartial well-wishers of France, Frenchmen have for seventeen years been trying to take the change out for the milliards. It is this, but it is much more curious and interesting than most of its fellows. Although M. Vallady's erudition is not exactly impeccable (*εὐρημονοῦσθαι* is most assuredly not the Greek for the begetting of children), and though he seems to have an altogether disproportionate reverence for M. Fustel de Coulanges, the "Aryan city," and other *hesternæ rosæ* of popular science; though he dislikes the Germans so much that, in order to get a new stick to beat them with, he is actually at times quite complimentary to our humble selves, the once perfidious English; though he admits (apparently without a thought of the damning import of his admission) that the first thought of a Frenchman whom a girl has loved not wisely but too well is to despise her for her love—"se défilé d'elle parce qu'elle s'est trop confiée en lui"; though he ridicules the homely ways of his honest German hosts, and repeats what German girls said to him with a snobbery almost worthy of N. P. Willis himself—although he is and does all this, yet he is by no means destitute either of brains or even of a certain originality. If he is prejudiced, his prejudice does not blind him; and if he likes the faults of his own nation best, he does not disguise either those faults or the dangers resulting from them. Nor, illiberal as his comments on German ways often are, can they be called false. He sometimes hits foul, but he very seldom aims wrong. In short, though the German is often a finer fellow, both intellectually and morally, than he makes him out, and the Frenchman not nearly so fine a fellow as even, in his faults, M. Vallady thinks him, his general conception of "the two races" is not far out.

Partly by extract from, and partly by comment on, Epictetus, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and other philosophers more fragmentarily known to us, Mme. Jules Favre has made a not uninteresting book on a subject which from time to time regularly engages the attention of a certain class of thinkers (3). She has much more extract than comment, and she modestly disclaims attempting a complete exposition of Stoical philosophy (not an easy thing, by the way); but she has a high admiration for the ethical part of it. It is perhaps fortunate for her that her scheme admitted only of a mere connecting string of comment; for otherwise she might have found more difficulty in avoiding or meeting those charges of sterile Pharisaism and equally sterile, if more deceptive, unctious which have sometimes been brought against the "Christians of Paganism."

M. Sauvain's beginners' book in French (4) consists of a series of short pieces translated wholly or partially, something after the Hamiltonian fashion. There are some oddities about it, such as the marking of the vowels of "de, le, que, votre," &c., simply as "not to be pronounced"; as the suggestion, at least, that it is safe to use *courtisane* as the general feminine of *courtisan*; and as the remark that spirits are served "dans de très petits verres." Worms are used in distilling spirits, not, we think, in drinking them.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WHEN Mr. James John Hissey takes to the road again with the phaeton, the pair of high-steppers, the useful horn, and all that, Mr. Hissey's readers know what to expect in the way of entertainment. This time it is a modest journey into the wilds of Kent and the mountainous regions of the Sussex Downs—*A Holiday on the Road* (Bentley)—with illustrations by the adventurous author, bound in a sober blue, with the emblematic post-horn and horseshoe on the cover. At the outset, as on previous occasions, the horses scent the morning air "pawing the ground" in a fine ecstasy, and away we go through Croydon, Caterham, Godstone—with many an indignant denunciation of the wicked builders—through Edenbridge to Hever Castle, Tunbridge Wells, Mayfield, into the heart of Sussex. If it were not for the place-names and a touch of archæology now and then, you might be re-journeying with Mr. Hissey in the West of England or in that more famous venture through Wales. There are the same ingenuous outbursts of rapture, the same solemn rebukes of human folly. "Yes, in truth, homely roadside England is a very pleasant land to wander in." And how nice it is to talk with venerable villagers, sturdy innkeepers, Chaucerian millers, and simple shepherds! which brings us naturally to a pretty story of an encounter between Mr. Hissey and a simple shepherd, and how the shepherd instructed Mr. Hissey in his simplicity. "See this crook," says he; "it is not half so good as my old 'un, and it cost

(2) *Les deux races—France et Allemagne*. Par Matyas Vallady. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *La morale des Stoiciens*. Par Mme. Jules Favre. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Presque mot à mot*. Par A. Sauvain. London: Trübner; Nutt. Manchester: Heywood. Paris: Vieweg.

(1) *Rattazzi et son temps*. Tome II. Paris: Dentu.



me twice as much as my father paid for his; and that were a real Pyecombe crook. But they don't make the like now. Look at this! it's not a right shape at all; but her was the best I could get." "But," we said—and by our remark displayed our rueful ignorance of shepherding—it is only for ornament, is it? and it looks well enough." Whereupon he exclaimed in a tone of surprise that we should not know better, "Of course it's for use I want it! Do you think I'd carry a thing about like this to look at? Why, how 'ud I get hold of a sheep without a crook?" And here the simple shepherd experimented on an unfortunate sheep, doubtless looking upon Mr. Hissey as a strange specimen of Pickwickian humanity. After this it is needless to say there is plenty of amusement to be got out of Mr. Hissey's book. The illustrations, too, are not without merit, "A Sussex Windmill" (p. 84) being quite Linnellish, while the streaky sky and wiry vegetation in "Haunted" (p. 276) might move Mr. Leader to envy. Best of all are the tailpieces and headings. Some of these are really excellent, and one, "The End of the Journey," which depicts an overturned and abandoned coach on a lonely road, with daws and crows hovering about it, is as pretty as it is ingenious.

Another book of travel, with amateurish cuts, is Mr. Barry's *Bayreuth and Franconian Switzerland* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Voyagers to Nürnberg and the Wagnerian temple do not often penetrate into the interesting country of which Pottenstein is the centre, or reach the yet more interesting district east of Bayreuth. Mr. Barry, of course, has something to say of Wagner; but he tells nothing new of the performances of *Parisfal* and *Tristan und Isolde* he witnessed. His account, however, of the towns and villages of Frankischschweiz is brightly written, and will serve tourists who contemplate a summer trip thereto.

*A Lady's Ranch Life in Montana*, by I. R. (Allen & Co.), is a pleasant little book, compiled of lively diary notes, and ought to stimulate the young of both sexes in this effete country with delightful visions of emigration. There are ten men to one woman on the slopes of the Rockies, and they all revel in dancing. "Matrimony, like death, spares neither age nor condition. I have seen young girls of thirteen and hideous old girls of fifty snapped up eagerly as soon as they arrived." Here's a fine prospect, indeed. I. R. tells a capital story of a young ranchman, "gently raised," we may say—an Oxford graduate, in fact—who strangely escaped hanging through a wild error of certain citizens, by declaring, like another Balaustion, that he knew Euripides, and by declaiming "Propria quæ maribus," &c.

Mrs. Pfeiffer's *Women and Work* (Trübner & Co.) is an essay on behalf of the higher education of girls and the emancipation of women that covers a good deal of ground in a very inconclusive manner. One might imagine from the tone of Mrs. Pfeiffer's book that she had ever before her, in burning letters, the shameful legend, "The male, he is the enemy." Considering the condition of the labour market, nothing could be more inopportune than all this talk of extending the sphere of women's activity in all the fields of work. Does any one believe, if women by training became able to compete in any degree with men, that the wages of working-men would not suffer, and their wives and families suffer with them? A small proportion of single women doubtless may benefit by higher education, but the vast majority have little before them but what Mrs. Pfeiffer seems to think is the base end of matrimony, or, let us add, the joyful prospects of Montana. All that educationists have proved so far is that girls may be crammed as easily as, or more easily than, boys. But neither they nor Mrs. Pfeiffer are able to shake the fact that women inherit disabilities from which men are free, and when Mrs. Pfeiffer quotes Dr. Richardson's observation as to the superior sitting power of women, she proves conclusively the kind of work—the home work, in fact—for which nature fits them. If her argument has any other meaning, it is that girls ought to play football better than boys. But Mrs. Pfeiffer's book is based on a tissue of non-natural hypotheses, the climax of which is reached when she says "That Nature is cruel must be admitted; but every step in social progress is a step beyond Nature. The correction of its brutalities is the first truly human work of life." Thus we are to engage in a campaign against Nature, as if Nature were a government to be overturned and its immutable laws a mere bundle of human ordinances.

For the Camelot series Miss Helen Zimmern edits the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds (Walter Scott), with a sensible and quite acceptable Introduction, in which the present value to artists of Reynolds's theory of art is fairly recognized.

There is much of very welcome good sense and practical illustration in a volume of short addresses delivered at the Birmingham Town Hall on Sunday afternoons by the Rev. Charles Lench, entitled *How I Reached the Masses* (Nisbet & Co.) Pithy and pointed in admonishment and wholesome in their didactic tone, they ought to exercise a good influence with thoughtful artisans.

We have received from Messrs. Trübner & Co. various publications of the English Dialectal Society, of which the most important is a *Glossary of South-West Lancashire*, by the Rev. R. E. G. Cole, giving the words and phrases in popular use in the Wapentake of Grappoe. This is an interesting collection, though the zeal of the editor is a little excessive at times, as when he records "Voluntine. s., the common pronunciation of Valentine," and gives as illustration "A many folks gets ugly Voluntines"—which they does. We have also Mr. Thomas Hallam's curious and instructive study, *Four Dialectal Words: Clem, Lake, Ness, and Oss*; and a sixth part of the Society's *Miscellanies*, edited by Mr. A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.

From Mr. John Dicks we have the sixpenny *Don Quixote* in

two parts, printed in double columns of small type, with amazing illustrations, in which the Don masquerades as a suburban Mephistopheles and Spanish ladies and shepherdesses are chastely attired in costumes of the third Georgian era.

A useful and handy little book for the pocket is *The Ambulance Pupil*, issued by A Pupil of the St. John Ambulance Association, by Messrs. Crosby Lockwood & Co. The directions are given in language that is admirably clear and explicit.

Dr. PETER BAYNE asks us to state that the expression "Holy Pontiff," as applied to Luther, is not used by him in his book on Luther, and that he had recourse to the letters of Luther, as published in De Wette's six-volume edition, in preparing his work.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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